IN SEARCH OF Steam

1953-1954

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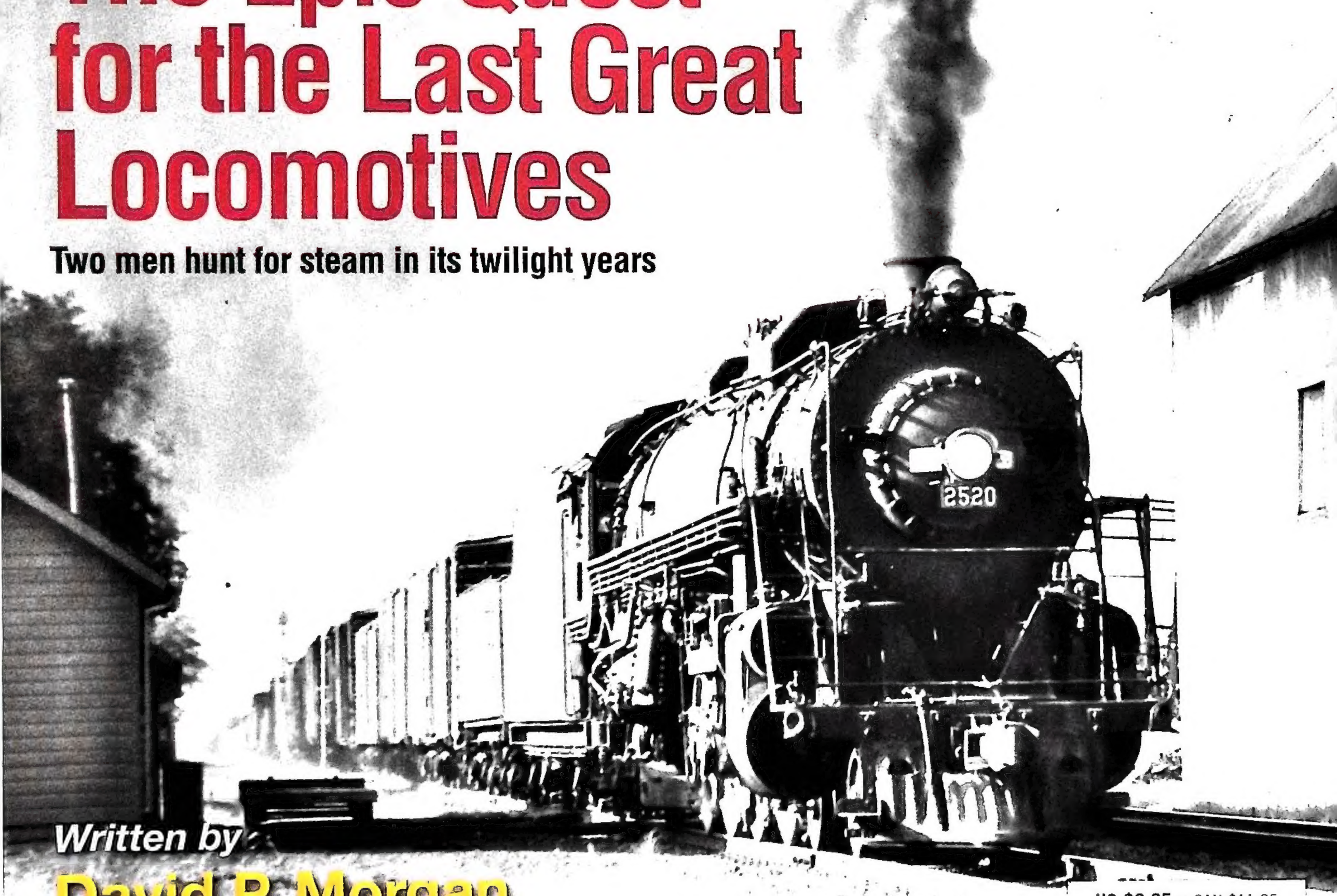

Written by

David P. Morgan

Photographed by

Philip R. Hastings

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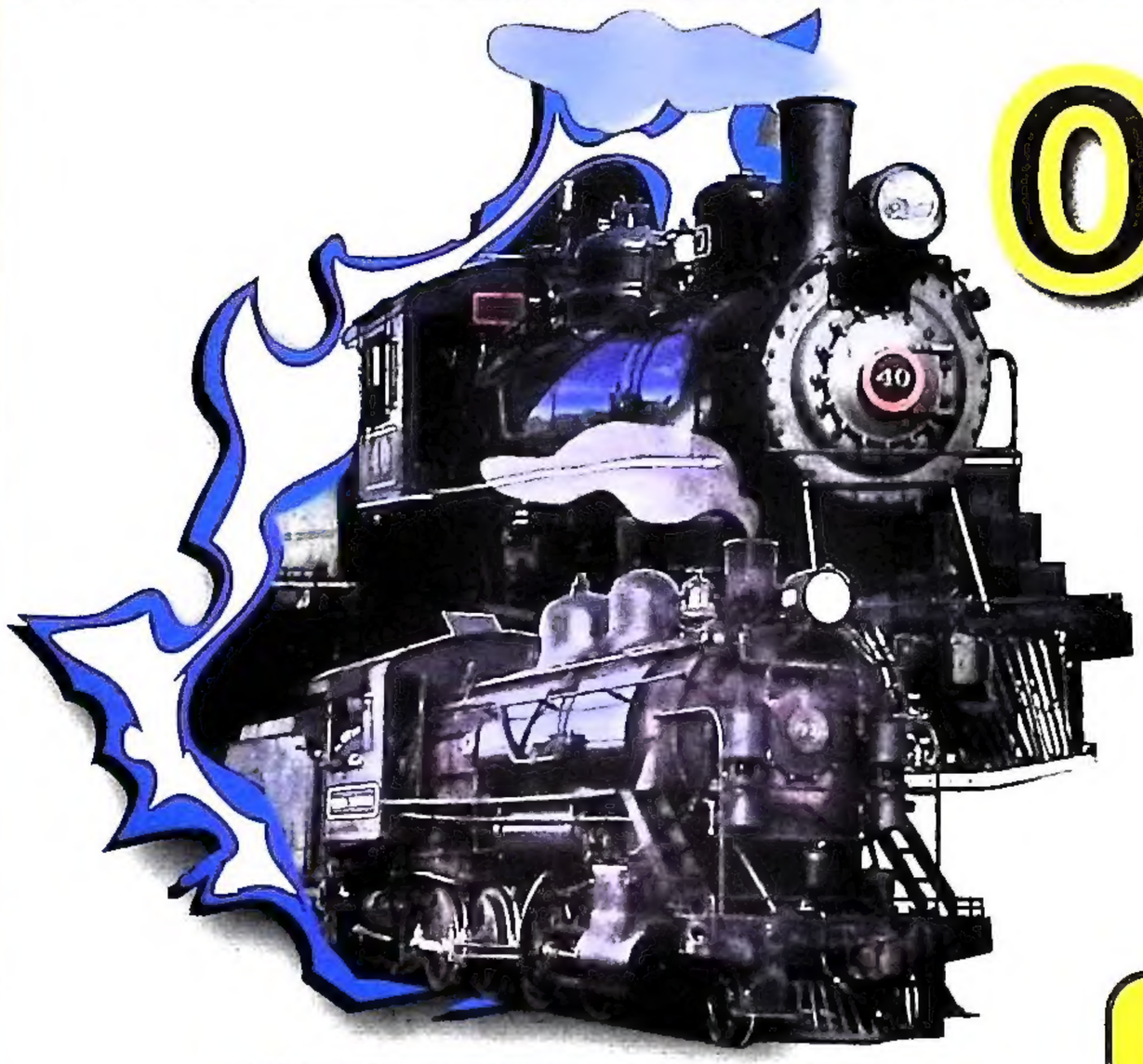

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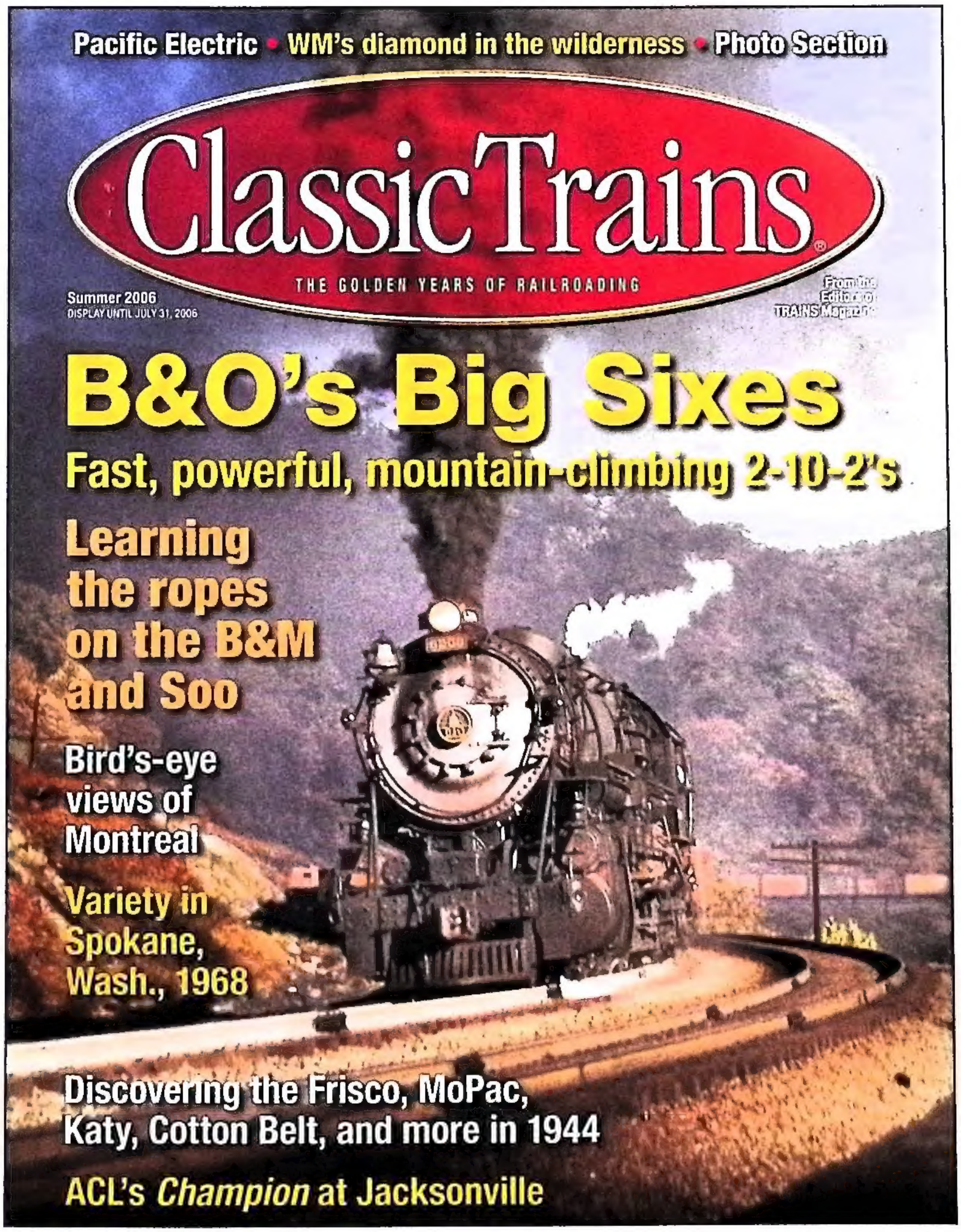
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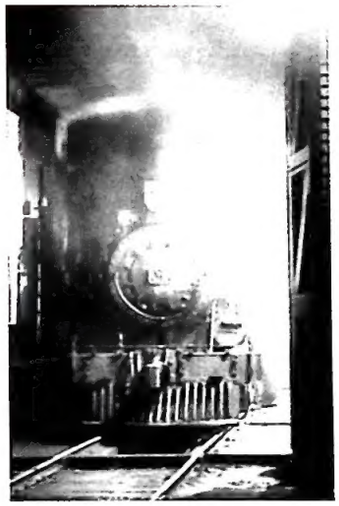

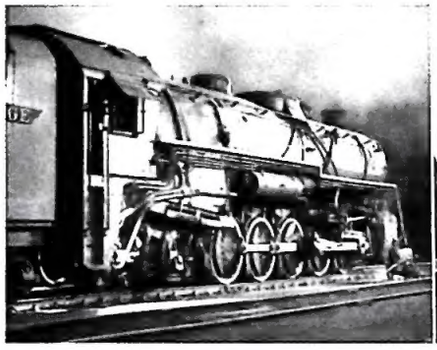

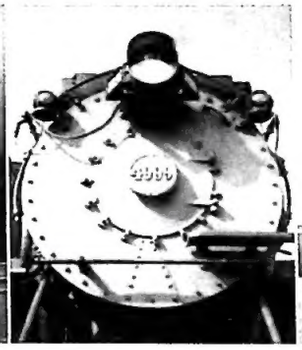

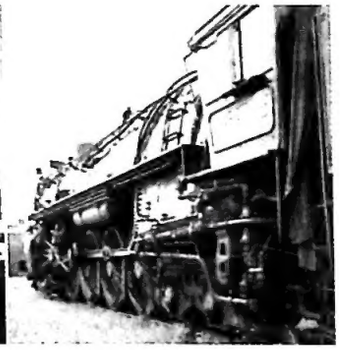

On the cover: Chebanse, Ill., lies astride IC's "Main Line of Mid America," and Mountain type 2520 is not one for letting the town's 739 citizens forget the fact as she charges through with long tonnage tied to her auxiliary water tank. The 4-8-2 is one of 56 2500-series locomotives Paducah Shops created by sliding new cast-steel frames and 66-inch drivers under the boilers of drag-era 2-10-2's. The result is an altogether utilitarian machine, from her corrugated steel pilot to her squarish dome. No frills here — just a fast moving workhorse that knows how to get over the road with a big train. These 2500's are still responsible for the bulk of the tremendous commerce flowing across Illinois on IC's double-track main line between Centralia and Chicago. Indeed, their exhaust is as routine to Chebanse as the cars on parallel U. S. 45.

IN SEARCH OF
Steam
1953-1954

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In Search of Steam, 1953-1954 (ISBN 978-0-89024-711-2) is published by Kalmbach Publishing Co., 21027 Crossroads Circle, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612.

Canada publication mail agreement 40010760.

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Single-copy prices: $9.95 in U.S., $11.95 in Canada and other foreign countries, payable in U.S. Funds drawn on a U.S. Bank. Canadian price includes GST. BN 12271 3209 RT. Printed in the U.S.A.

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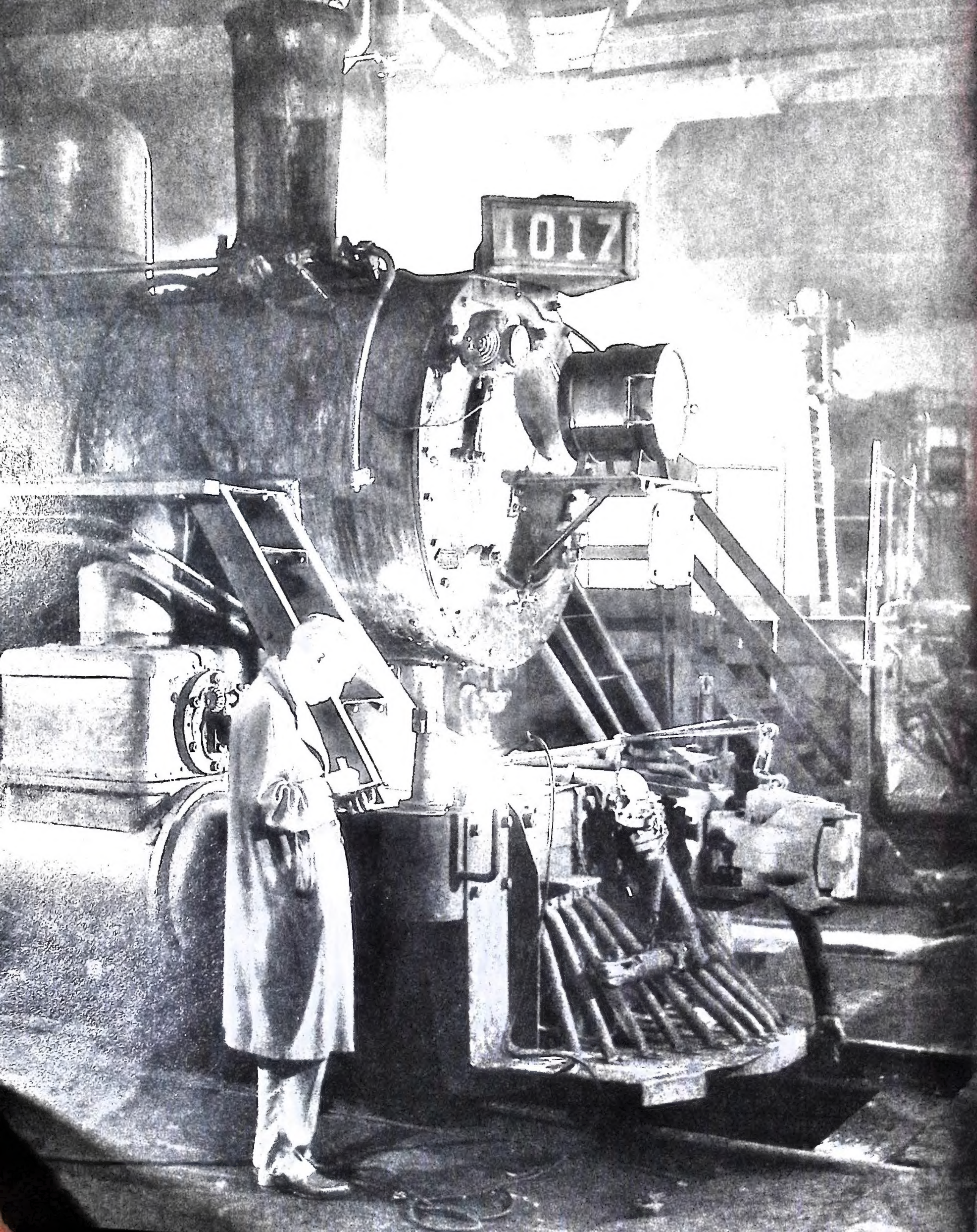
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They got the story

They must have been in a constant hurry, this young editor and his photographer. Steam locomotives were disappearing fast all across North America, right in front of their eyes, and they had only so much time to catch up to them. They did it on the fly, making it up as they went along, driving the editor's Ford as fast as they could on the two-lanes of the mid-1950's, eating the road food of the day. The distractions of their personal lives made it tough, the editor struggling to establish his small magazine back in Milwaukee, the photographer juggling the demands of a new family and a nascent psychiatry practice in Albany, N.Y.

It was all over so fast. Within five years of their first foray into eastern Canada, the steam locomotive was largely gone, and their series of field reports finished. But as they caught their breath, they must have sensed the importance of what they created.

The publication you hold in your hands, the product of these intrepid locomotive chasers, is that rarity of journalism: snapshots of people, places, and things, done under the press of deadlines, yet infused with sufficient grace and insight to transcend its own time. Writer James Agee and photographer Walker Evans achieved it with their landmark Depression chronicle *Now Let Us All Praise Famous Men*. And David P. Morgan and Philip R. Hastings achieved it with their collection of articles. They are quite simply the definitive valedictory for a way of life.

Evidence of these articles' power is the fact that this is the third time they've been published. Morgan and Hastings' work first ran in three separately titled series in TRAINS magazine from 1953 through 1957; this edition contains the first 10 of those 30 stories. The first series carried the name "In Search of Steam," the natural name, we thought, for this publication. The second series was called "Smoke Over the Prairies" and the third "Steam in Indian Summer." The entire body of work was reprised in 1975 when Kalmbach Books published *The Mohawk That Refused to Abdicate and Other Tales*, a deluxe hardcover.

A few months ago, when we first discussed the possibility of publishing this edition, our driving conviction was that there is a new audience for Morgan and Hastings' work. Yes, the stories survive in old issues of TRAINS, to be sure, but those magazines go back more than two generations. How many copies survive, and in what condition? Moreover, the *Mohawk* book, artistic triumph that it was, sold only a few thousand copies. Yet the legend of this body of work persists, even among steam enthusiasts who were born after 1975 (not to mention 1956!).

Kevin P. Keefe photo

Two decades after their legendary search for steam, David Morgan (right) and Phil Hastings (left) pose with W&OV 4-6-0 No. 1 at the Mid-Continent Railway Museum in North Freedom, Wis.

This publication is also a personal journey for three of us listed on the masthead. Editor Greg McDonnell knew both Dave Morgan (who died in 1990) and Phil Hastings (1987), and has done as much as any writer or photographer to sustain their memory. Rob McGonigal, editor of our sponsoring title CLASSIC TRAINS, holds them up as primary influences. For me, the reappearance of this work sparks memories of my own early career as a copywriter at Kalmbach. It was early 1975, and it fell to me to create all the promotion for the *Mohawk*. I recall how intimidated I was by the prospect of interviewing these great men about something I considered hallowed. To my great relief, they gracefully brushed off the hero worship and taught me some lifelong lessons about what it means to simply "do the work." That's all they wanted to do when they set off for New Brunswick in October 1953: get out there, get the story, and let the work speak for itself.

Kevin P. Keefe

What a soul-satisfying experience it is to be in a roundhouse on a winter's eve! Morgan's companion at Rivière du Loup was an honorable 4-6-0.

A pair of hunters takes to the Canadian woods in search of a vanishing species

Steam Safari

THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE IN 1954 IS REMINISCENT of some prehistoric monster unable to cope with the tide of evolution — a hapless, harried, hunted creature rebuked by its environment, dying off in large numbers, facing total extinction. The simple curb of knocking down coaling stages and water tanks, filling in ashpits, and cooling backshop forges has fenced steam off hundreds, even thousands, of miles of main line — forever. The very foundries which hatched it less than a decade ago now spawn its killer. Practically everywhere anything with a stack on one end and a firebox under the other is fair game for the torch, and depletion of the reserve only boosts the bounty.

And as in any upheaval so sudden and so widespread, established values are upset and the strongest no longer have prior claim to survival. Wabash 2-6-0's puffed along months after the road's Mountains and Northerns had been put out to pasture. Pacifics were wheeling commuters homeward on Rock Island and Erie when these systems had been swept clean of steam freight and yard power long since. So it was with hulking simple articulateds, shark-nosed duplex-drives, and horsepower-heavy Berkshires: Youth availed them not. The intricate valve motion or the high-pressure boiler that excited so much rapt attention when new was likely the first to give way before the limited maintenance law that forecast the end.

But no matter how stormed, the shrines of steam toppled. Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Atlanta, Los Angeles ... Sayre, Billerica, Huntington ... Ozarks, Rockies, Blue Ridges ... Cajon, Crawford Notch, Saluda — the rule has become the exception. For those who found in steam more than mere machinery, who rejoiced in its glory age — for those, the frustration of its absence has been impossible to either deny or resolve. The dilemma has brought forth, among the faithful, a sort of steam safari, a game of cat-and-mouse played with the diesel to see who can get there first. "Safari" is neither a farfetched nor a melodramatic label, unfortunately. The distances are too great, as are the chances of an overnight coup by the enemy such as took Delaware & Hudson and Mississippi Central out of the running.

No question of the compensation, naturally, steam is — what's left of it — as steam was, and if anyone has bolted together a mechanism with just 50 per cent its solid spiritual satisfaction, he hasn't filed for a patent yet. Not that there's anything essentially evil with Dr. Diesel's prodigy; it merely suffers from comparison with what it replaced. In fact, I know those who mutter that this gas turbine might have merit, on esthetic grounds presumably, when so far as is known it is something less of an actor in that sphere than the diesel. (Surely anything that has reciprocating innards is more akin to the old order than even a fire eating version of a water wheel.) Ah, but the turbine has no blood on its blades!

But this is not a forum on the eye and ear virtues of new power but a story of one safari in search of steam. It began October 30, 1953, on the upper level of New York Central's station in Albany, N. Y. (which is about as deep in Eastern dieseldom as you can get); and it wound up a week later in Boston & Maine's North Station, Boston. During the intervening seven days my companion, Dr. Philip R. Hastings, and I encountered more steam power in better circumstances than either of us had seen in the U. S. for a year, maybe longer. To our satisfaction, the journey clearly proved the report that steam power is still to be found in full stride — provided you head for Canada. Weather was our one difficulty.

We rolled straight into the season's first snow and sleet, and looking back on the experience, I feel the sight of steam in an adverse climate more than made up for the personal discomfort. But more of that later.

A tenet of any safari is a flexible itinerary and that we had. Our one fixed target was a trio of Canadian Pacific 4-4-0's, reportedly still active in the New Brunswick coal country.

As the *Maritime Express* prepared to get out of Rivière du Loup, Que., it was all sound and smoke and men talking in French beside its 4-8-4.

We encountered our first steam power in Windsor Station, Montreal, where the Delaware & Hudson Alco that brought our *Laurentian* in burbled beside CPR 2471, a G3j Pacific.

As trains go, Delaware & Hudson's *Laurentian* was an unassuming one, with an Alco road-switcher on the head end and a Budd parlor-observation bringing up the markers, but it sufficed for transportation to Montreal and it cut through scenery along the rocky shores of Lake Champlain. Steam had vanished and the solitary punctuation mark of its going was an all-welded 12-wheel tank outside the shops at Colonie, N.Y.

Montreal was more like it. Windsor Station, Canadian Pacific's stub end terminal, is neither a new nor a large structure, yet it possesses that certain CPR touch of tidy order which renders age and design secondary. And its spell of steam was broken only by an occasional passenger unit off the Wells River Line, a yard engine, and the D&H Alcos. We came back from the hotel for a brief look around and stayed late. The commuter trains of welded coaches from the west were engaging and so was a local behind a 4-4-4.

But the scene of the evening was the departure, in sections, of No. 21, the overnight pool train for Toronto billed as the *Chicago Express*. Powerwise, the story of 21 (and 22, its eastbound side) is that of the Kla's, a pair of 4-8-4's Angus Shops built in 1928. Then as now, the Northern would appear to be an ideal dual-service locomotive for CPR, just as it has long since proven for Canadian National. Yet having constructed Nos. 3100-3101, CPR chose not to duplicate them, selecting instead Hudsons and Mikes. Strange, yes; but not sad. The twins could have gone into chain-gang drag service; instead they hold down Nos. 21 and 22, and have for years on end. No. 3101 came backing down for First 21 the cold night we were spectators.

She was spotless. The wine-red panel down her flank and across the tank was glossy; boiler jacket and cylinders had recently been repainted in gray; and driver tires were, in the grand manner, white. The heat surging off her grates, the whine of the turbogenerator, the thump of air pumps ... she was the good

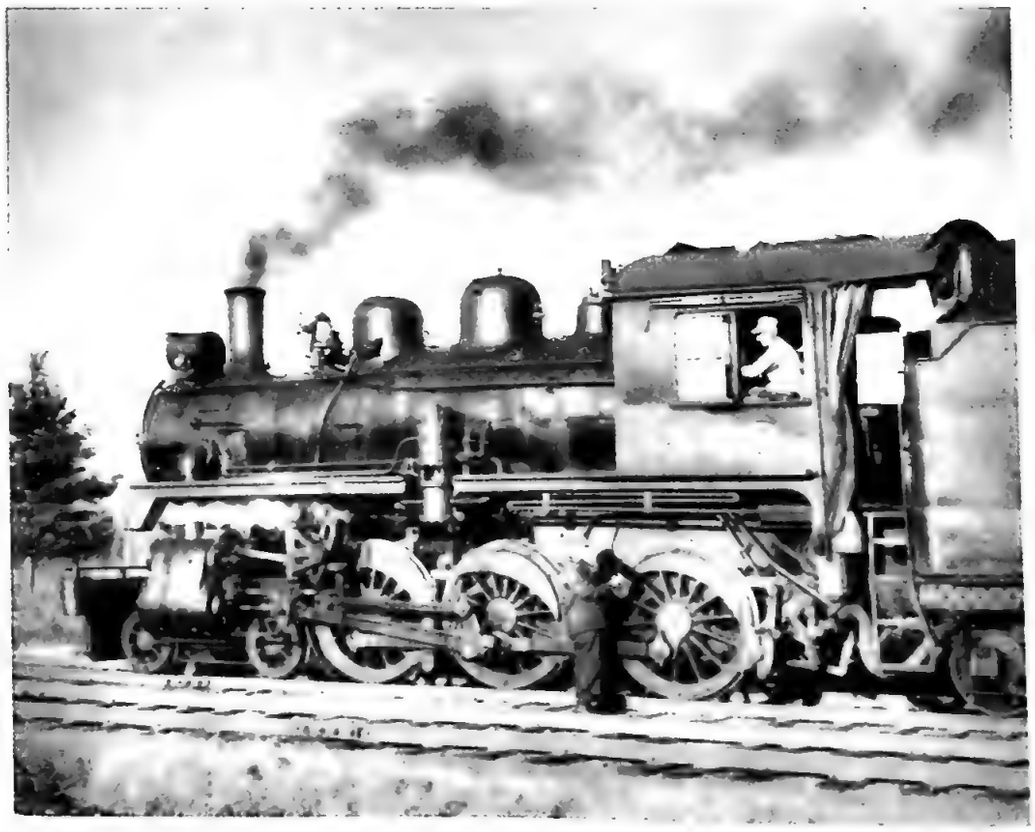
life. The fireman was factual. He said she rode better than a Hudson and was good for an extra sleeper or two, yet couldn't turn as fast a wheel and was a temperamental one to fire. But like temperamental people, engines with odd dispositions are often fun to know, and the 3101 qualified. At 11 o'clock her headlight flicked on and the engineer coaxed her into motion. With booster puffing, the long Northern was off into the night with 15 standard cars tied to her tail. We stood still until the red markers blinked out of view and the sound of strident exhaust was no more. Time had backtracked and the world was right again.

And the Hudson that got under way 10 minutes later with Second 21, a troop train, didn't make us feel any older.

Turning from the sublime to the rural, we left Montreal next morning on an honest-to-gosh interurban. From the informal one-story brick structure it occupied as a depot to the Taylor trucks beneath its equipment, the Montreal & Southern Counties was something straight out of Indiana and somehow suspended in time. If the uniformed personnel aboard our two-man wooden car had ever heard of Henry Ford and the paved highway or were concerned about the implications of either, they did not suggest it to the passengers but went about their business of dispensing "clean, frequent electric railway service" to the Quebec farm country with no hint of an inferiority complex. Our journey out to Marieville, 22½ miles, was an affair to heat the heart of a Sam Insull — yes, and a Richard Wagner too.

The interurbans once operated beyond, but under Canadian National control the wires have been pulled down east of Marieville and a diesel-powered CNR local, which swings onto M&SC rails shortly after leaving Central Station, Montreal, provides service to Waterloo, Que. This we caught. It boomed in behind a 1200-h.p. road switcher which because of its high, boxy, Fairbanks-Morse look appeared quite Train Masterish. We were propelled along at 40 mph or so, which

Montreal & Southern Counties No. 422, an aged wooden car with wire window screens, had to wait at M&SC Junction until westbound CNR No. 701 from Waterloo, came through.



The D4g Ten-Wheeler we found in charge of the Saturday-only mixed between Waterloo and Foster, Que., exemplified the early 1900 school of clean-cut design — a CPR Angus Shops grad.

At Foster, Que., gas-electric combine No. 9007, a genuine Electro-Motive Corporation old-timer, sauntered in off the branch. At length, our train, a Montreal-Sherbrooke express, rolled in behind a wartime G3g Pacific.

felt an immoderate gait for a onetime traction line laid with 60-pound rail and innocent of tie plates.

Familiarity doth indeed breed contempt, at least in rural hamlets visited by ancient and honorable means of locomotion. For instance, D4g No. 488, the Canadian Pacific Ten-Wheeler which steamed into Waterloo with the Saturday only mixed from the main line, 4½ miles distant at Foster. If the local populace looked up, it didn't bat an eye, and this feeling was not lost upon the conductor, who dryly described his train as "one of the classiest we've got on the whole CPR." He didn't know what an honest man that remark made him. The coach, painted CPR's handsome red, clearly indicated someone's loving care; and to meander down the branch in it, with the sun glinting through the green and white glass in its clerestory, constituted an experience to be neither ignored nor joked about in 1953. We wouldn't have swapped it for the *Dominion* — not without an argument anyway.

The mixed backed down to Foster and there we had time to chat with the engine crew. It seemed that during a recent winter CPR leased some big Jersey Central Mikes and the employee reaction was mixed: The CNJ 2-8-2's just weren't engineered for Canadian weather; their cabs were cold and their piping frequently froze tight. "But," admitted our informant, "they had better steel in 'em."

Our attention was diverted, even if momentarily, by a bit of diesel lore. Gas-electric combine No. 9007 sauntered in off the branch and an inspection revealed it as a genuine Electro-Motive Corporation old-timer — turned out on January 5, 1932, and intact with its original Winton gas engine and Westinghouse electrical transmission. Only minutes later a westbound mainline train arrived behind an EMD E8 2250-h.p. passenger unit. All this, mind you, at a junction in Quebec whose sounds included the soft pant of a 4-6-0 built by Angus Shops in 1912.

At length our train, a Montreal-Sherbrooke express, rolled in behind a G3g, a wartime class of Pacific which provoked some discussion on our journey. Phil is not inclined to berate the beast, even though he has not been caught in words of outright praise. But to me a G3g is, on esthetic grounds, a hoax and a delusion — neither fish nor fowl, neither streamlined (like the Royal Hudsons) nor as God intended (for example, the 3101). I thought as much when I first saw a builder's photo and seeing the engine in the flesh only confirmed my distaste. The running gear is symmetrical enough and the boiler contour and placement of domes could be much worse. But the firebox is somehow too shallow about the ashpan, the stack is a bit high, and the cab is much ado over not very much. To get at the heart of the matter, I think it's the sunken headlight that really bothers me: Surely only a fully streamlined

A blanket of fog lay over Sherbrooke, Que., as Quebec Central 4-6-2 2556 awaited departure time of No. 1 for Quebec City. Inbound train is CPR No. 39; its headlight is just a formality.

In Sherbrooke, Que., it was only a step from the hotel to the Grand Trunk station and one of the fine rewards was this veteran pre-nationalization Mikado. Canadian National S-1-f No. 3476 was a Grand Trunk original, turned out of Montreal in 1913.

engine can do justice to that. No. I'll make one exception: Delaware & Hudson's exquisite 4-6-6-4.

But my companion was cool toward such reasoning, however logical or eloquent it seemed to me, so as our Pacific wheeled us along to Sherbrooke we talked of other things, rather than end such a splendid day on a discordant note.

Not quite the end of the day, though. Our hotel in Sherbrooke faced the iron of the Grand Trunk, and a walk over to the station after dinner was rewarded by the passage of two freights, both in the hands of steam. One was a hotshot — 47 cars of merchandise and newsprint fronted by a bona fide light USRA Mikado, the 3715.

The symmetrical running gear, the contour of the boiler, cab, and smokebox: I was homesick for the identical Government engines of the Louisville & Nashville which I had known in Mobile and Corbin and a hundred other places of wistful memory. Yes, she was a "U. S. engine" the hoghead assured me; why he'd been the first man on the Grand Trunk to ever fire one. Fast and easy to handle.

The board cleared, he swung back up into the cab, and his Mike — sounding like a thousand yesterdays — got her tonnage under way.

I slept soundly that night.

Morning lay in chilling fog. Quebec Central No. 1 was all but lost in the thick mist which obscured the CPR depot in Sherbrooke, but was a warm, welcome conveyance when located. It serviced a bleak, gray countryside in weather which grew consistently colder. But the coffee was good and at noon there was filet mignon hot off the grill of the buffet coach at $1.25 a plate. And always there was the sight of the stouthearted old G2s Pacific up ahead, swinging into one reverse curve after another.

Conductor Lucien Legendre not only had a name that smacked of the French Canadian province, but he personally vouched for a rare incident in railroading. Back in 1915 he'd been conductor on a QC freight that had become uncoupled on a curve: One car had jumped the track but the remainder of the train had recoupled and the crew, after tying the air line together, proceeded on to Sherbrooke, none the wiser. The skipper found out when the

yardmaster called him at home and said his wheel report didn't agree with the consist of the train.

Snow began falling and by the time we reached the St. Lawrence River, CNR's famous Quebec Bridge was a grayish blur of girders. Then in minutes No. 1 was nosing into Palais Station.

The terminal was alive with crowds and obviously keyed to the impending departure of the heavily loaded *Frontenac* for Montreal at 2 o'clock. For this we had come, so for this we trudged out into the yard through the soft, wet snow. This one we wanted, in mind and on film, just as she moved out, her double-header coming to life like a pair of sullen grizzlies awakened by an impetuous hunter. And that's the way they came on: The lead engine, a G3h, was suddenly moving, mushing black smoke up her stack, clearing her cylinder cocks in great clouds

Out of Palais Station, Quebec, Montreal-bound *Frontenac* was doubleheaded by Pacific 2461 and Hudson 2824 out of apparent regard for incipient snowstorm that blurred the area.

Flagman of Quebec Central No. 1 hosted this view of the dual rail/road Quebec Bridge that spanned the St. Lawrence River, the furthest girders being swallowed up in heavy, wet snow.

Pacific 2556 shrugs off the snow as Quebec Central No. 1 pauses to register before entering CNR trackage at Charny, Que.

For this we had come, so for this we trudged out into the yard. In grimy glory, G3 2461 and Royal Hudson 2824 exit Palais Station with the *Frontenac*. The Pacific lost her feet on a switch; the sky went black, and we were covered in soot ... I tend to think it was a G3 getting even for my censure of her class the previous day.

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of white, arousing the Royal Hudson behind her to action. The 4-6-2 and 4-6-4 swung onto tangent track, and the Pacific lost her feet on a switch; the sky went black, and we were covered in wet soot. Phil said the performance was for the "especial benefit of the unwary diesel-lulled statesiders"; I tend to think it was a G3 getting even for my censure of her class the previous day. Whatever it was, it was grimy glory — a pair of passenger pullers putting 16 cars into motion and on the high iron for Montreal in a scene such as I have not seen in the U. S. for far too long.

We accepted the kind offer of a switchtender who, seeing our condition and its cause, invited us into his shanty to dry off and clean up a bit. He was public relations personified, something we could say for many, many CPR people. They had in common a quiet, deferential loyalty for "the company" — a sort of abiding faith that Canadian Pacific was a worthy cause for one's life work. And whether we were patrons or merely onlookers, we were guests and to be treated as such. An employee attitude such as this is instilled only over many years, I think, and then gained only by a company deserving of it. I wish I could describe it better, for it is such a precious commodity in 1954 and so needed in the States.

Beyond at the roundhouse we found, parked on the ready track outside, No. 3004, the last of five Jubilee 4-4-4's built by Montreal in 1936 and clear proof, locomotivewise, that good things do come in small packages. Phil stood a safe distance while I exclaimed over the wonders of her smooth boiler jacket, 80-inch disc drivers, lightweight rods, and — well, she was reminiscent of a Milwaukee Road Class A Atlantic, which, in my book, is sufficient.

Way back in 1941, to indulge in another personal aside, my brother enlisted in the R.C.A.F., achieved his wings just before Thanks-

Man lost in admiration: I rejoiced in the presence of Jubilee No. 3004 at the CPR roundhouse in Quebec and almost neglected the Hudson alongside.

giving at a training station lost on the Ontario prairie, and was soon rolling eastward to Nova Scotia for embarkation overseas. Of all the letters he wrote home, the one I recall almost word for word described the long train trip from Montreal to Halifax over Canadian National's far-flung line down the St. Lawrence River. The long train, the tireless 4-8-4, the cold terrain, the miles without end — the letter encompassed it all, and I then and there swore that someday, somehow, I'd take this trip of trips. In its own way, it was as appealing as the Rockies.

Thus it was with no meager enthusiasm I joined Phil on the ferry *Bienville* across the river to Levis. Out on the open deck we could look across to the nearing shoreline and see in the gathering dusk a smear of white smoke trailed by a column of black cars. When the ferry had tied up and we were off, No. 2 — the *Maritime Express* (now there's a *real*

Surrounded by men furiously intent on what looked like 15-minute classified repairs, CNR 6179 is serviced during No. 2's station stop at Rivière du Loup.

train name for you) was in; its 4-8-4, No. 6179, was undergoing a rigorous inspection. The sand pipe to the first driver on the right-hand side was loose and no amount of hammering seemed to avail.

We followed the tense, worried, pushing crowd back past the express and baggage cars to the coaches and eventually located a pair of seats. The atmosphere was U.S.A., circa 1944 — the same crying babies, families traveling together, army, navy, and air force uniforms, frayed nerves, rumpled head rest covers, endless waiting. At long last there came a gentle jar and lurch, and the Northern up ahead was off.

For a while I contemplated Canadian newspaper humor:

"I got this bottle of brandy for my mother in law."

"I say! What a marvelous exchange!"

Then it was time for dinner in an old diner that, while no great shakes as either a car or as a purveyor of fine food, eminently suited the scene and left no patron hungry.

Dusk had long since died into darkness, but by framing his eyes with his hands, one could catch a glimpse of the frozen land sliding past; and our 4-8-4 eventually hit a sustained 60 to 70 mph. I dozed, for there was in the drumming wheels and the distant whistle that incomparable rhythm of old.

It was anything but difficult to imagine the cab of the 6179 up ahead, windows closed, curtain drawn tight, a single bulb for illumination; the engineer notching her up, bringing the reverse back to just his satisfaction, reaching up to widen the throttle a bit more, then pulling out his watch for a long, studied look. And the fireman: winding stoker valves, turning up the blower perhaps, keeping an eye on that seasick column of fluid which betrayed the boiler water level.

No. 6179, herself. A U-2-e, Montreal-built in 1946. Straight running boards. An Elesco feedwater heater. Whistle screaming in the sharp, knifelike cold. Disc drivers beating back the miles.

Brake shoes bit in hard and I came awake. No. 2 lost its fast pace, momen-

tum played out, and we were into Rivière du Loup; we stumbled out of the coach and stepped off into zero cold, stored the bags in the waiting room, and walked forward. The 6179 was surrounded by men furiously intent on what looked like 15-minute classified repairs; fire cleaners raking the grates, dislodging a torrent of ashes and fiery coals; the staccato pumping of the Alemite guns; blue flags on the pilot, a man on the Vanderbilt tank slaking an inevitable boiler thirst.

What lent it all a Continental air was a constant, animated yelling — conversing and jabbering in French. Here was a heavy passenger hauler, all steamy and impatient and U. S., if you will — cared for by men who spoke not a word of English but went about their work as if in the employ of the SNCF.

Engineer and fireman threw their dinner pails up into the gangway and climbed aboard. An air test. And then a highball from the rear.

The Northern leaned into her load and a mushy language came out of her stack. Like a great many locomotives which move out without any show of authority or strength, this one never slipped nor faltered but got under way with inexplicable ease. The head-end cars rolled past, then the lighted window squares of the coaches. Slumbering sleepers followed, bringing up the markers.

Somewhere out there in the icy darkness No. 6179 was talking up; the *Maritime Express* was OS'd at Rivière du Loup and was once more a moving, living thing.

"In 20 minutes she was off, accelerating her 12 cars to the obscure tempo of a soft exhaust," CNR 6176 departs Moncton on time with Halifax-bound No. 4.

I like roundhouses, especially after dark. I like to watch the little knot of men in grimy overalls who kneel in the glare of caged lights to take down a rod or rebrass a trailer-truck journal. I like to hear an engine being readied for the road, blower turned up high and singing a duet with the unique rasp of an open injector. I like to look over the big jobs just in off their runs, for they simmer contentedly or shudder visibly, as if yawning or concerned over the last 300 miles. And I like to pause beside the dead power — the locomotives with boilers drained and cold, their drivers securely blocked by chains.

Canadian National maintains such a roundhouse at Rivière du Loup, Que., and late of an evening in November 1953 Phil Hastings and I, a pair of nomads from dieseldom, were its unexpected guests. We had hoped to come across an old timer from the payroll of the Temiscouata, a short line which strikes east from Rivière du Loup and was fairly recently brought under CNR control. But, alas, the new parent was using its own power, including some new lightweight General Electric diesel units. Our visit was hardly a failure, though, for the house stabled three tiny low-slung F-1-c Ten-Wheelers of Temiscouata Railway origin which threatened to exhaust my companion's supply of flashbulbs. And elsewhere we found an old Cooke-built rotary brooding in the darkness, doubtless

The implication of diesel power lay heavy in the 40-stall roundhouse at Moncton. Stored Northerns awaited the winter rush, but Pacific 5545 simmered under steam in the company of smaller sisters.

catching a few winks of troubled sleep before winter set in.

We had thought of riding the erstwhile Temiscouata east to Edmundston, N. B., next morning, continuing beyond via CPR, but were told that the mixed was an unexciting timekeeper and would doubtless arrive long after our CPR connection had left town. That left the one and satisfying alternative of riding on over CNR's main line along the St. Lawrence, then down the eastern shore of New Brunswick to Moncton, cutting back into the interior of the province from there. I wasn't one to complain, for at 3:50 a.m. Atlantic Time the *Ocean Limited*, the Dominion's only solid sleeper express, was due east and our information led us to expect a 4-8-4 at its helm. Sure enough, No. 4 came in behind the Vanderbilt tank of No. 6176, a Northern operating straight through from Montreal to Halifax, a run of 840 miles without change. I located roomette 9 in the sleeper *Inwood*, turned in at once, and was barely awake when with a gentle tug the 4-8-4 up front got us under way.

Would that nights like that were left on some of the great Western runs, for what a splendid feeling, come morning, to know that the engine that steamed in past you and your bags last night is still on the business end, doing a job, confident and tireless — what a reassuring sight to inch up the shade and see white smoke curling back into the forests and dissipating over the meadows. Of course you can ride 2200 miles and more behind the same four units of diesel power on the Santa Fe, which, in terms of actual motive power performance, is far more of a feat. No getting around it — any more than there's any denying that one felt happier behind the tank of that CNR U-2-e.

We lingered over breakfast coffee, reluctant to leave a dining car in a train drawn by steam. Except for the cab, it's the finest vantage point, what with the wide expanse of glass; and besides there's an inexplicable goodness about almost anything in the vicinity of steam, food included.

The nearby lounge was one of those postwar CNR cars with doors style-noted by three portholes; it rode well and was populated with a mixture of Canadians, more restrained than a similar U. S. group, a bit older too. In their speech and in their gaze at the passing wilderness there was a sure, prosperous note, as if, to a person, they were aware of their nation's snowballing boom. After all, we were the strangers, and the wonderful U. S. dollar was a mere 97½ cents in their currency.

No. 4 quit rolling on the dot of 2:20 p.m. in Moncton, on time to the minute, and we walked forward in a cold, driving rain to watch its 4-8-4 serviced for the final lap to Halifax. A swarm of hostlers cleaned her fire, shoveled coal forward in the tender, and took on water. In 20 minutes she was off, accelerating her 12 cars to the obscure tempo of a soft exhaust.

The implication of diesel power lay heavy in the 40-stall roundhouse at Moncton: some nine Northerns, including members of the pioneer 6100 series (having once seen them, who could forget their feedwater-heater-browed look?), among assorted smaller power. To be sure, both Canadian roads have a surplus of power in the Maritime Provinces until the St. Lawrence freezes over and ship-borne traffic becomes rail-bound; and possibly all of the 4-8-4's are in steam as I type this. But a shopman confirmed my guess. He told me that two-unit freighters are moving 110 cars where the 4-8-4's are limited to 50 to 60 loads.

We were back at the Moncton station by 5:10 p.m. to catch No. 51, the triweekly local that would carry us to Chipman, reported preserve of the only active 4-4-0's in Canada. Like practically all the passenger trains an American rides in the Dominion, No. 51 was reminiscent. It was the 5138, a 23-year-old Pacific; and four cars, including a wooden combine finished inside in seven different shades of green. As we raced through the rainy night trying to make up 15 minutes, I was taken back across 10 or 15 years to a score of

Trainman on CNR No. 51, the Pacific-led triweekly local that would carry us to Chipman, waits in the rain for the train's 5:10 p.m. departure from Moncton.

similar trains on Louisville & Nashville, Monon, Southern, Baltimore & Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The high-backed red plush seats, the varnished woodwork, the hearty talk of deadheads in the smoker. Yes, and people digging into a shoe box for dinner, and the brakeman calling out stations. The creaks and groans of the coach lifting above the drumming of the wheels ... the lines of water crawling across the window glass ... the resting of your foot on the steel plate that covered the steam heat pipes ... the dome lights that grow dim at stops, then brighten up once the train gets rolling again. Ah, but those trains, most of them anyway, are no longer in the *Official Guide*, and the Pacifics which pulled them are scrapped. But for a few hours one rainy November night that didn't matter at all. ■

We took time out to obtain a telegram blank at the station and jointly signed a wire to Milwaukee. A single word seemed sufficient:

EUREKA!

Chipman! Chipman!" We glanced at one another, picked up our bags, and moved toward the vestibule. Well, this was it — the tiny dot on the map of New Brunswick which other keepers of the faith had reported as the true temple. Were the 4-4-0's still in town or had the omnipotent invader struck here too, leaving a 44-ton unit or two in his wake? The taxi driver who took us to the rooming house which serves as Chipman's only hotel was helpful but not conclusive.

"What kind of locomotives does CPR use on the branch to Norton?" Phil asked.

"Well, now, they have some old steamers."

"Do you know their numbers?"

A frown, then, "Well, no I don't recollect that."

Phil prompted again, "Are they very small engines?"

"Why, yes, I guess you might say that. They're not big."

The tension was exasperating.

We scribbled our names in the rooming house register, parked our gear, and struck out through the cold damp of the evening toward the single light in the neat, modern one-story Canadian Pacific station (where, we discovered, a traveling auditor was working overtime on the books). Across the single-track main line stood the old wooden enginehouse, smoke curling from its roof vents and a faint glow seeping through its sooty windows. We came up on the blind end of the building, hurried to the doors, and relaxed, for there parked in the end stall was No. 29.

She was the genuine article, an Ale forged by the company's DeLorimier Avenue Shops in Montreal. *In 1887.* Not that much of the original engine remained perhaps; a slab of steel in the frame, a cab fitting or two. But who'd quibble over such when confronted by a 4-4-0 on call for common carrier duty in 1953? And, anyway, No. 29's modernity — piston valves, air pump, electric headlight, and all — served to remind that here was no painstakingly protected museum piece but a unit of useful energy on CPR's roster that, by reason of her ability still to do a day's work, had been allowed survival by the unsentimental authorities in Montreal who determine such matters. Phil and I exclaimed over her, from 70-inch drivers to Johnson bar, then turned to view the monsters with which she shared the enginehouse. The giants — for that is what they were alongside the 29 — turned out to be a pair of unusually sharp locomotives: 2-8-0 No. 3554 and Ten-Wheeler No. 1105. Atop one a machinist and his helper talked low and hammered hard about a sand dome.

When the pair was earthbound we gleaned the information that No. 29 was a protection engine for the 44.6-mile branch to Norton, that another 4-4-0 lay out in the yards (having just returned from classified repairs at Fredericton), and that yet another American Standard would arrive in the morning on the mixed train from Norton.

The world was kind that wet, chilly November evening, and the air horns sounded by CNR diesels in the distance were at a loss to down our spirits.

Canada's oldest on the pit in Chipman. Rogers-built in 1883, the 136 was America's contribution to the living heritage of the Dominion, a 57½-ton revenue-earning museum piece.

Saints be praised, she's here! Musing in the end stall of the Canadian Pacific house at Chipman was the genuine thing: a 4-4-0.

Phil arose next morning at some incredible hour, and his doggedness was fully repaid. The hostlers steamed up the Consolidation early, for she left town first on a caboose hop to work in the coal fields at Minto, 12.6 miles west. Not long afterward gas-electric 9008 (another grad of Electro-Motive's class of 1932) departed for divisional headquarters at Fredericton, 109 miles away. Best of all was the preparation of the 4-6-0 for her day's work, for the hostler offered to use her to haul the dead 29 outdoors "if the photographer happened to be interested."

After all this the morning took on a more tranquil pace and there was time for a contemplative inspection of No. 144, located out in the yard, dead with her rods down. She was an A2q, built by CPR in 1886, and she had 63-inch drivers, which rendered her less of a fashion plate than sister 29 but no less endearing. After that our attention was turned to the Canadian National's Chipman switcher, an old Canadian Foundry product of 1914 — No. 2444. She was an unkempt old mill but her antics, particularly on the nasty grade and curvature about the town's brickyard, made her an amusing diversion.

Almost too amusing, in fact; for a frail whistle (or "winsome," as Phil has it) sounded off in the woods, a call which could have but one meaning. We sprinted through the brush and across a fence or two, arriving in time to witness the arrival of the oldest locomotive in revenue service in the entire Dominion. A white whisper of smoke, then — incredibly, wonderfully, almost as if a mirage — No. 136 came in with a single box car (PRR 50773 had the

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Morning mist off the Salmon River lent the small yard in Chipman a cottony atmosphere as 2-8-0 3554 chuffed forth from the engine-house, turned on the wye, picked up its caboose, and proceeded 12 miles to Minto, there to spend the day switching the coal mines which furnished her fuel. Ten-Wheeler 1105, meanwhile, tended to chores around the yard, assembling the consist of mixed train 73 for Fredericton.

distinction) and a combine tied to her tank. Not far from the yard limit she paused for a breath, like a grandmotherly little old lady, which you might say she was.

Now, she deserves a separate paragraph and that she will get. No. 136, classified today as an A2m, was built by Rogers in 1883 and rebuilt by the CPR, presumably in Montreal, in July 1912. Only the rebuild date appears on her data plate, incidentally. Her backhead is not big, for I can touch the left injector with one hand and clasp the air brake handle with the other, and I am not big either. A head of steam enough to lift the pops will bring her pressure gauge needle up to just 160 pounds, and this force judiciously employed in a pair of 17 x 24 inch cylinders will afford 15,000 pounds tractive effort. And the weight, of course: 57½ tons. To be quite honest about it, No. 136 is not an engine of classic line; she's not one with a Pennsy D16, for example. Yet she is a personable, oddly appealing locomotive in a way that is impossible of measure in so many inches or pounds. You look at

Next morning we discovered No. 29's sisters — the 144, just home from the backshops, and the oldest member of the tribe, the 136, in steam.

An unkempt old mill turned out by Canadian Foundry in 1914, Canadian National's Chipman switcher, Consolidation No. 2444, made an amusing diversion working the nasty grade and curvature about the town's brickyard. Almost too amusing ...

her tall, thin stack, too-big cab, smokebox practically on the pilot beam (like a person with chin cupped in hand), and you see it all bolted together and running, and she's very nice indeed. Apart from her looks, the 136 stirred up thought of the strange, unpredictable fate of locomotives. Engines of many times her size and power, some of them built more than half a century later, have come and gone, and still the 136 goes wheeling down a lonely branch lost in the heart of New Brunswick as if invulnerable to age or its consequences.

There's something fine about the fact that this old patrician was built in

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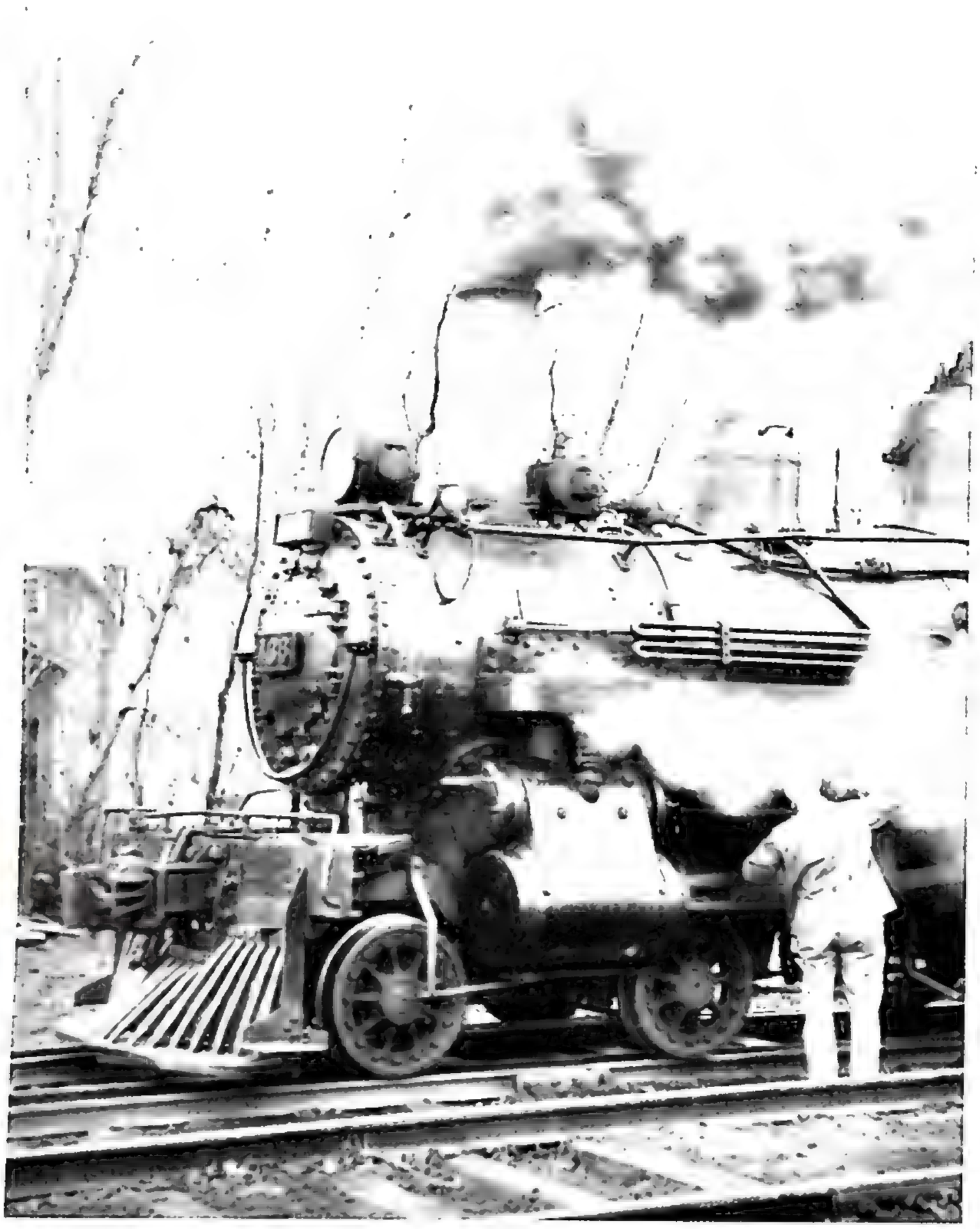
Preparing Ten-Wheeler 1105 for duty, hostlers at Chipman employ the D10 to pull No. 29 from the enginehouse and pose the elderly American for the photographer.

Newspapers and express await loading aboard No. 160's combine while 4-4-0 136 reposes on the ash pit, being readied for her return trip to Norton.



Oiling around. Prior to departing Chipman, engineer on mixed train 160 readies his ancient steed for the return trip to Norton.

Paterson, N. J. — at least, an American would think so!

The combine brought in from Norton behind the 4-4-0 was coupled onto mixed train 73 for Fredericton, thus providing through mail and express service. The chunky 4-6-0 assembled this train and, a few minutes off the advertised, puffed out of Chipman and across the Salmon River, a traditional high-cupola CPR caboose bobbing along at the rear. Meanwhile, the 4-4-0 visited the ashpit and was turned on the adjacent wye for her trip to Norton on mixed train 160: a gondola of gravel, a boxcar, and a 12-wheel wooden combine.

We took time out to obtain a telegram blank at the station and jointly signed a wire to Milwaukee. A single word seemed sufficient: EUREKA!

Aside from Phil and me, the only passengers that day were a couple of elderly gentlemen of the backwoods who nursed the suspicion that the chap with the cameras was a Communist spy. We were delighted to find they felt that the oldest engine and the branch she trod were military objectives of no mean importance.

The conductor strode out of the station in a businesslike manner, passed a highball to the engineer that would have got *Speedwest* under way, and swung aboard. The ancient Rogers gathered her strength, steamed mightily inside, and we were off for Norton. The motion of the start was that of any steam engine, small, working near capacity and not equipped with a booster, only more so — p-u-1-1, relax, p-u-1-1, relax, about the pace of a person giving artificial respiration. You could almost gauge the valve events on the 136.

We eased into a curve, then Chipman was lost to view and we were riding along the 44.6-mile branch that is the American Standard's last stamping ground in the Dominion. It's laid with 65- and 73-pound rails that wander through birch and backwoods. Sparsely settled, modestly beautiful New Brunswick country, this, and the names one discovers are the names one would expect: Pennlyn, Cody, Scotch Settlement, Cumberland Bay, and Annidale.

Three bridges have restricted axle loadings in this wild, virgin land and thus afforded continued employment for engines which, by all rights, should have met the torch years ago.

Four-coupled power is reflected in tonnage ratings for the branch; a 4-4-0 can take but 240 tons over the line except from Norton north to Cumberland Bay, where the limit is 220. But at least you can't blame the 35-mph speed limit on the power; as the flagman solemnly put it, No. 136 can "run like a deer." Anyway, these restrictions — bridges or tonnage or speed — are not much more than paper handicaps on the Norton-Chipman branch. Traffic is light, and who's in a hurry?

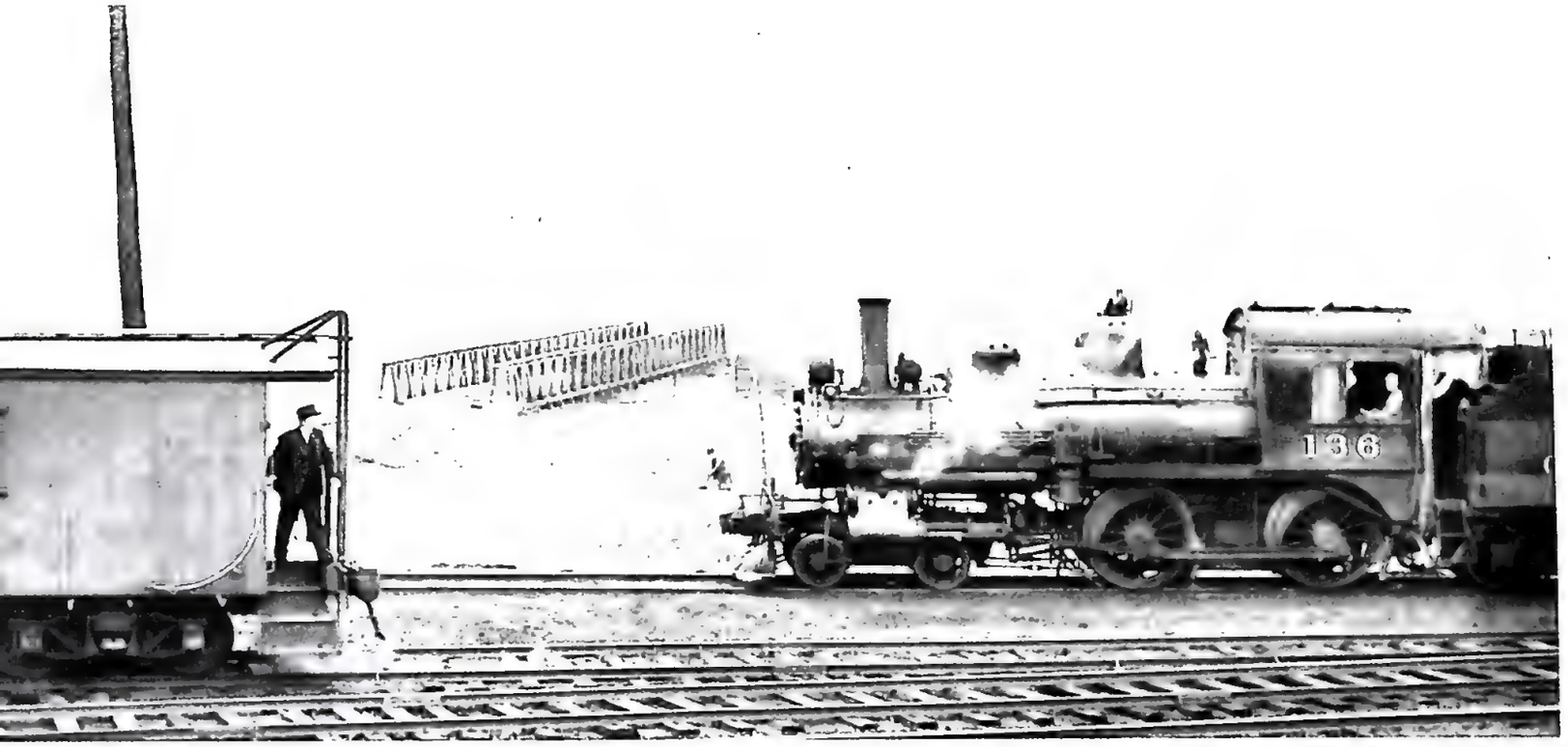
We paused at Perry to take on water, and but for the engineer we'd still be there. He was a lean, leathery faced little chap of economical talk, a penetrating stare, and an undetermined age. He betrayed no especial sentimental feeling for his small charge, but he patently understood the 136 as a farmer understands a plow horse. At Perry that comprehension was the difference

between going on and staying. The three-car train rested on an upgrade and the engine was obstinate. The resultant activity, as observed from the ground at trackside, was a basic lesson in steam. With his right hand the engineer coaxed the throttle to and fro; his left, in a deft wrist action, shuttled the stubby Johnson bar back and forth. Even then, quite a few seconds slipped past before the Rogers was hoodwinked into moving out.

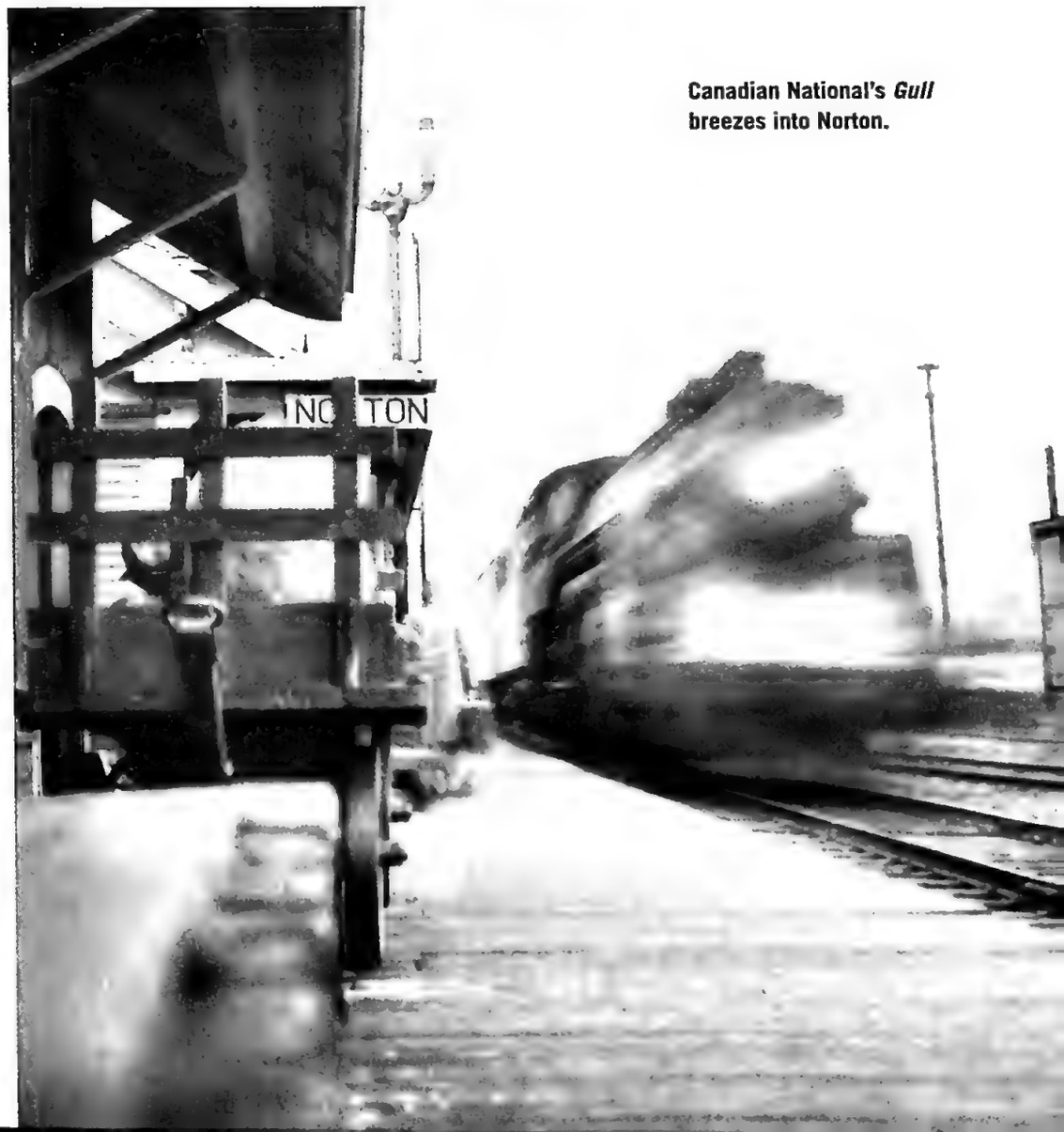
Three bridges have restricted axle loadings in this wild, virgin land and thus afforded continued employment for engines which, by all rights, should have met the torch years ago. Fireman's view as 4-4-0 136 treads lightly over a trestle with mixed No. 160 in tow.

No. 136 fusses and fumes as she tries to move away from Perry after quenching her thirst, but her three cars hang back on the grade in sullen inertia. It took a deft wrist action on the Johnson bar to coax the ancient Rogers into departure.

He was a lean, leathery faced little chap of economical talk, a penetrating stare, and an undetermined age. He betrayed no especial sentimental feeling for his small charge, but he patently understood the 136 as a farmer understands a plow horse.



Day is dying in the west, and in Norton, Canada's oldest active engine waits to be put in the single-stall house while the mixed train's skipper looks things over from the caboose which serves as the hostel for the crew at this end of the run.



Canadian National's *Gull* breezes into Norton.

Like all good things, our journey came to an end. The mixed, minus the gravel gon which had been set out on the blind siding at Scotch Settlement, rumbled over a frail bridge and around a wye, then backed into a stub track at the Norton station, which stands beside the main line of the Canadian National. The 4-4-0 was cut off and moved out to the one-stall enginehouse; a car cleaner carried his brooms into the combine; and the crew left to eat. Another day and another 89.2 miles were done in the life of an old, old locomotive.

After several hours of contact with no other engine, her size had so impressed us that the arrival of the *Gull* for Saint John on CNR was quite startling: an enormous Pacific drawing huge coaches at a tremendous speed.

But at least it was steam. Had the *Gull* been otherwise, I think we'd have stayed in Norton that evening. ■

2617

D-I-E-S-E-L?

Pronounce that, please

More seasick than alive, a pair of landlubbers establish a beachhead on the far shore of the Bay of Fundy in a land of unspoiled steam.

It's just as well I'm a landlubber, for if I hadn't been seasick crossing the Bay of Fundy I would never have ridden the length of the Dominion Atlantic Railway; and that experience was more than worth my discomfiture aboard ship. Of course I had no excuse getting seasick. They tell me I slept like a baby, which I was, on a round trip across the Atlantic in 1927, and there's enough English blood in me to make it believable. I don't get carsick or airsick or trainsick. Oh, but when the deck begins to lift and the porthole shows sky now and waves a moment later — well, that's something else again. It's not a decent pitch and roll, such as you experience aboard a galloping old war horse of a 2-8-0. Not at all. It's slow and gentle and altogether torturing. And if you've sailed aboard craft with more violent motions or the sea doesn't affect you adversely either way, please don't write me about it. I feel bad enough just thinking about the Bay of Fundy.

It happened this way: Phil and I were in Saint John, N. B., and we still had a day or so on our hands before our week with steam ran out and we were obliged to return to the U. S. and dieseldom. Saint John? one of us asked – wasn't that the jumping off pier for Nova Scotia? Why, we were just a morning's steamer ride away from the Dominion Atlantic

CPR G2u Pacific 2617 and Canadian Pacific steamship *Princess Helene* meet for an across-the-pier connection between DAR No. 98 and the Bay of Fundy steamer at Digby.

From the deck of *Princess Helene*, Digby, N.S., looked promising as No. 98's elderly Pacific backed its head-end cars to shipside to allow transfer of baggage and mail.

Railway, and at last report the DAR had not a diesel to its name. We could ride across the Bay of Fundy to Digby, travel a few miles out on DAR No. 98, catch No. 95 back, and wind up on the steamer's afternoon voyage to Saint John.

That did it. At eight o'clock next morning we were in the dining salon of the Canadian Pacific's *Princess Helene* as the gangplank was pulled up and the lines thrown off for her daily passage to Digby. (There's something so damn final about a ship shoving off. There's no emergency brake valve or flagstops or crew changes en route. You're just stuck with whatever the sea figures up for you until that gangplank goes down again.) We ate a hearty breakfast at 8 a.m., the *Princess* encountered mild swells at 9, and by 10 I was beyond recovery and Doctor Hastings was muttering about having left his seasick pills back in Saint John.

But Digby, N. S., looked promising. A spur from the Dominion Atlantic depot uptown ran right down to — indeed, out on — the pier. Moreover, the pier didn't move an inch — nice and solid, strong enough to support a locomotive. In a few minutes it was doing just that. No. 98 arrived from Yarmouth and its elderly, dignified Pacific backed its head-end cars down to shipside so that the baggage and mail could be transferred from the *Princess Helene*. A moment later the town yard engine, a squat little 4-6-0, brought the passenger equipment down too so that those going beyond by rail could make an across-the-pier connection. The engines and the train looked incredibly good to us.

Once aboard No. 98 and under way, we moved out on the spacious rear platform of the parlor-buffet-observation. The air was crisp, the shoreline view superb, the feel of wheels upon rails splendid — the whole of it enhanced by the sight and sound of the white-tired lady of a 4-6-2 up front as she puffed across the high steel bridges which keep the DAR's feet out of the fabled

Bay of Fundy tides. Go back on the steamer that afternoon? Not on your oilskins! We did the only thing there was to do; we looked up the conductor, purchased a couple of seats in the observation car through to Halifax, and resumed our vantage point on the rear platform for a final, unwistful look at the *Princess Helene.*

We were back in business.

Now a word about the old Pacific that was leading us along. She was the 2617 and like most Dominion Atlantic locomotives she was unmistakably CPR. To be specific, an Angus Shops machine, built in 1912, Class G2u. Before I met Phil a Canadian Pacific G2 was just another entry in a roster, just somebody's 4-6-2. No more, no less. But to hear my companion talk about these engines, then to hear and see and ride behind them myself ... put it this way: Even if 1953 had not been a steam-famished year, the DAR's 2617 would have been worth all the miles we came to see her. A G2 is a tall, high-mounted engine, perfectly balanced by a vestibule cab at one end and, if you're lucky, an Elesco feedwater heater hung ahead of the stack at the other. We were lucky — lucky in 1953 to find such a locomotive swinging her Walschaerts through the apple orchards of the Annapolis Valley, lucky to hear her razor-edged exhaust, lucky to absorb all this from a genuine, honest-to-Betsy observation car clicking down single track in manual block territory.

D-i-e-s-e-l? How do you pronounce that and what does it mean anyway?

The buffet attendant, a singularly obliging old gentleman, bade us welcome at his table and served, for a modest $1.85, a Digby Haddock Special, complete with chips and topped off by apple pie and cheese.

So 151 miles rolled out behind the 98 from Digby to Halifax, and few passed without an instance of railroading to remember: Kentville, DAR's headquarters, where there was time to unload and stretch our legs while the engines were changed ... the chunky Ten-Wheelers that slipped past with southbound tonnage ... the good old-

Passengers from *Princess Helene* make pierside connection with DAR No. 98. The Digby yard engine, DAR 4-6-0 44, has backed the train's passenger equipment to the dock; Pacific 2617 has the head-end cars.

From dockside the Pacific had quite a climb to reach Dominion Atlantic's Digby (N.S.) station. Here her tall drivers cross Birch Street.

G2u 2617 — a white-tired lady of a 4-6-2 — leads No. 98 over one of the high steel bridges which keep the DAR's feet out of the fabled Bay of Fundy tides. Go back on the steamer that afternoon? Not on your oilskins!

A meet on Dominion Atlantic (between 98 and approaching mixed 97 at Newport) is "earthy and understandable" when "a whistle yelling in the distance tells you the mixed knows he's inferior and tardy and he's hurrying to get in the clear." None of this newfangled CTC here.

fashioned way of running trains on train orders with none of your new-fangled block signals or CTC panels. It's earthy and understandable, especially when you hold the main, pausing out in the wilds at a siding switch, and a whistle yelling in the distance tells you the mixed knows he's inferior and tardy and he's hurrying to get into the clear.

Halifax came all too soon.

We had to be back in Saint John for an early train next morning, so there was no alternative but to take a night flight on Trans-Canada. A world of contrast it surely is: We had begun the day on a steamer moving perhaps 15 knots, then caught a train which now and again hit a brisk 55 mph – and now we were winging through the darkness at possibly 175 in a DC-3. Maybe this is much ado over not very much. Maybe in 1973 I'll board a jet in Milwaukee and in an hour or less join Phil in Utah for the final run of a gas turbine up Weber Canyon. Then home on a *Talgo* or a *Train XX* behind some uranium fed reactor on wheels .... Our Douglas slipped over green lights, eased on down, burned rubber, and was on the runway at Saint John, taxiing toward the airport terminal.

We were aboard Canadian Pacific's 101 next morning at 7 a.m. when it left Saint John and headed west for McAdam, N. B., with a trim postwar Pacific providing the power.

McAdam, which lies just across the international boundary from Maine, is a four-way junction on CPR and, as of November 5, 1953, a place to see steam in abundance. If you go, incidentally, reserve a room at CPR's Hotel McAdam, for this long, narrow, gabled stone structure is the second floor of the station and lies smack beween two yards,

just a short walk from the roundhouse. Moreover, McAdam is a junction in the old manner with red snowplows about, a 2-8-0 dragging out a string of cabooses over there and a fretful Pacific impatient to be off with the *Gull* over here. McAdam has atmosphere to burn.

We left, reluctantly, on No. 153 for Woodstock after a lengthy delay consumed in loading a small mountain of mail. The conductor was considerably older than the G2q which pulled us (Angus, 1906) and had the additional distinction of wearing spats.

Woodstock itself is division headquarters for the CPR territory which includes the famous 4-4-0's; in fact, we could have ridden a gas-electric over to Chipman that afternoon, a journey of just 109 miles. (And the temptation was there.) Not that Woodstock itself was without intrigue. The super's office is in a Victorian structure — a two-story frame building with a porch in front and a cupola atop, all located immediately behind the depot. Woodstock also is possessed of a small roundhouse and, the day we were there, a wooden open-platform business car which looked like a Virginia & Truckee original, left there by a forgetful Paramount camera crew. But as Phil pointed out, a heavy steel 12-wheeler might not be able to negotiate the lightweight bridges of the Chipman-Norton branch, even assuming the 4-4-0 could get it rolling again after pausing for a tank of water at Perry.

We had lunch in the depot, took a last long look at a 4-6-0 steaming outside the enginehouse, then hailed a cab for the short drive across the border to Houlton, Me., headquarters of Bangor & Aroostook's Northern Division. An air horn sounded and a 1200-h.p. diesel yard engine, all silver and blue and sporting a radio antenna, shuttled past on a switching chore.

We were back in the U. S. A.

As a long winter afternoon slowly slid past in that New England town there was time for reflection, for a sifting of our varied experience in Canada from Montreal east, for a recollection of those items, large and small, which render Canadian National and Canadian Pacific different from U. S. roads

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Hotel McAdam is the place to stay overnight at that sizeable CPR division point, for it's one and the same building that houses the station. Jubilee is backing down to get local No. 152.

Trainmen talk things over in Fredericton Junction, N.B., where mainline train 101 from Saint John to McAdam connects with local 107 to New Brunswick's capital city of Fredericton. Has anything changed here since the 1920's?

— even apart and distinct from each other. Here are a few I jotted down:

1. Stations — in the Dominion they were almost exclusively adequate in size, clean, and well-staffed. My own favorite was CPR's Windsor Station in Montreal (because of the excellent view of trains, courteous stationmaster, good food, and inspiring memorial to railway war dead), but the new CNR Central Station in the same city ranked with the most modern in U. S. practice.

2. Punctuality — it seemed to matter on even the mixed trains we rode. Locals or limiteds, I sensed a certain urgency to be O. T. not always found in this country.

3. Noninterchange equipment — you still find many freight cars in Canada labeled "Do not load this car for any destination in the United States" on account of arch-bar trucks or the lack of AB brake equipment.

4. Railway police – they're all over everywhere, mostly uniformed. These men serve as gatemen, police long trains much in the manner of M. P.'s at station stops, and hold an amount of civilian authority, particularly in outlying communities. They're always busy and it makes you wonder how U. S. lines get along without them.

5. Friendliness — you can't beat it. As a rule of thumb, we found railroaders willing, even eager, to answer questions and show one the property. Virtually the only negative replies to reasonable requests came on the grounds of security risk.

6. The systems themselves — let's examine them one at a time, taking Canadian National first. CNR can't just be considered as is; it's an enormous 24,220-mile melting pot of interurbans, narrow gauge, "wrong-way-around" main lines, new frontier pikes, old overbuilt and undernourished trunk lines handed down from the past. Considering that CNR, as such, only dates back to 1923, the system has made monumental strides toward service and standardization. There are those U. S. roads, not all small either, which would do well to investigate what CNR is up against and what it has done about it.

Canadian Pacific you can take as is, for its worldwide rank among corporations needs no elaboration here. We found what we expected to find:

Woodstock had its complement of imports: Alco-built Ten-Wheeler 1073 of Class D10k; and Electro-Motive railcar 9008, class of 1932. The 4-6-0 was bumped off CP lines in Vermont by diesels; the gas-electric was off a run from Chipman, N.B.

Pine Tree Limited skipper finds steam at Waterville, Me.

a gracious, efficient, exceedingly well groomed railway. Of course, CPR could stand a far heavier traffic than it has, but compared with CNR it does enjoy a history of capable, clear-cut management and unbroken solvency. It is an institution of which any Canadian should be excessively proud. I am as an American.

I'd read enough Maine jokes in *Reader's Digest* (you know, the one about the farmer queried for highway directions) to begin believing them, but Bangor & Aroostook set me straight. The agent at Houlton caught a glimpse of the TRAINS Magazine tucked under my arm and in a flash the Northern Division was ours. We talked to the man who received a $10 suggestion box award for painting caboose ends red as a safety measure; we were told of Pacifics 253 and 254 which had come to a local plant to supply steam; a traffic solicitor briefed us on the potato business (it could be better); and the superintendent chatted about diesels, the cost of getting the ice out of reefers shuttled up from New York and Boston after hauling fruit from Florida, and the operating traits of BAR's two divisions.

Thus a long afternoon was turned into a hospitable school session. This is one Southern boy who has overhauled his opinion of Maine Yankees as a result, besides learning a lot about a railroad of unusual note.

The *Potatoland Special*, which we rode south to Bangor, was typically BAR — a smart little passenger train of the new school. On the marker end of the *Special* was a newly redecorated buffet-lounge open to all passengers; it offered easy chairs, a stack of new magazines (including friend Bob Spark's *European Railways*), and a modestly priced menu of excellent fare. The food came off a grill bar at the rear of the car and was served by a young hostess.

The fact is, the only thing which annoyed us about this potato road was the new style uniform worn by its trainmen.

Now if there is one thing which the railroads do not need to change (and there are many), it's the uniform worn by passenger crews. The high, badge-fronted hat, the dark blue or black coat and trousers, and the brass buttons and gold service stripes or stars — all this is the personification of that safe, dependable grade of passenger service so long identified in the public consciousness with railroading. But these gray, bus-driver clothes and crushed Air Force caps just don't fit that image at all. In the first place, airline and bus personnel (whose attire obviously was the pattern) tend to be much younger; a conductor of 60 or 65 so garbed would look as good in Navy enlisted personnel clothing. Then there is something humiliating in the act of the railroad business' borrowing such an unnecessary idea from the competition. BAR isn't the only culprit, for my opinion — or what it's worth — must also be levied against Monon, Santa Fe, and a certain percentage of Pullman Company crews. There, that's off my chest!

One final credit to Bangor & Aroostook: When the *Special* arrived in Bangor we were pleasantly surprised to find a baggage truck waiting at trainside with a sign offering train to waiting-room luggage service, no tipping allowed. Nice.

Next day we were up early to catch the *Pine Tree* for Boston at 7:10 a.m. Powered by Electro-Motive (as the *Special* had been), this Maine Central-Boston & Maine train included a brace of handsome, comfortable postwar Pullman-Standard coaches particularly fetching because of their fluted stainless-steel siding and wine-red window bands. We found the ride down to Boston through a frosty, sunny New England a morning well spent. Steam was practically absent, though, and expressed itself only in the sight of MEC 0-6-0's Nos. 170, 176, and 179 — all working the yard at Waterville, Me. Otherwise I had to content myself with Phil's memory of what the MEC's Hudsons and the B&M's Mountains looked like when all the road power EMD had north of Back Bay was the watchpocket streamliner *Flying Yankee*.

In Boston we obtained permission to look inside Boston & Maine's roundhouse, just across the Charles River from

At the Boston roundhouse of B&M we came across a batch of Pacifics and Moguls, waiting to be called for the late-afternoon commuter rush, yet even here, the invader got into the act.

North Station, and came upon it during the noonday lull in commuter trains. Shiny new Geeps and Alco hood units were expectedly here, there, everywhere, but amongst them were the old and faithful clan of Moguls and Pacifics — traditionally the mainstay the suburban fleet power. And off in a quiet stall of the house stood the 4116, a handsome long Baldwin 4-8-2 with the name *American Progress* (if I remember correctly) hung on her running board. Being of the opinion that American steam locomotive design reached one of its several highwater marks, esthetically, with the construction of B&M's Mountains, I was lief to stand a long moment before the 4116. Chances were I'd never see her again, for surely the railroad finds but small cause for keeping such an engine and the scrap price she'd bring must hang heavy over her head.

I was depressed by the steam power we saw. It was horribly dirty and looked cheerless and unwanted alongside the spick-and span diesel units present. Nobody seemed to care.

I suppose nobody did. ■

SEPTEMBER 1954

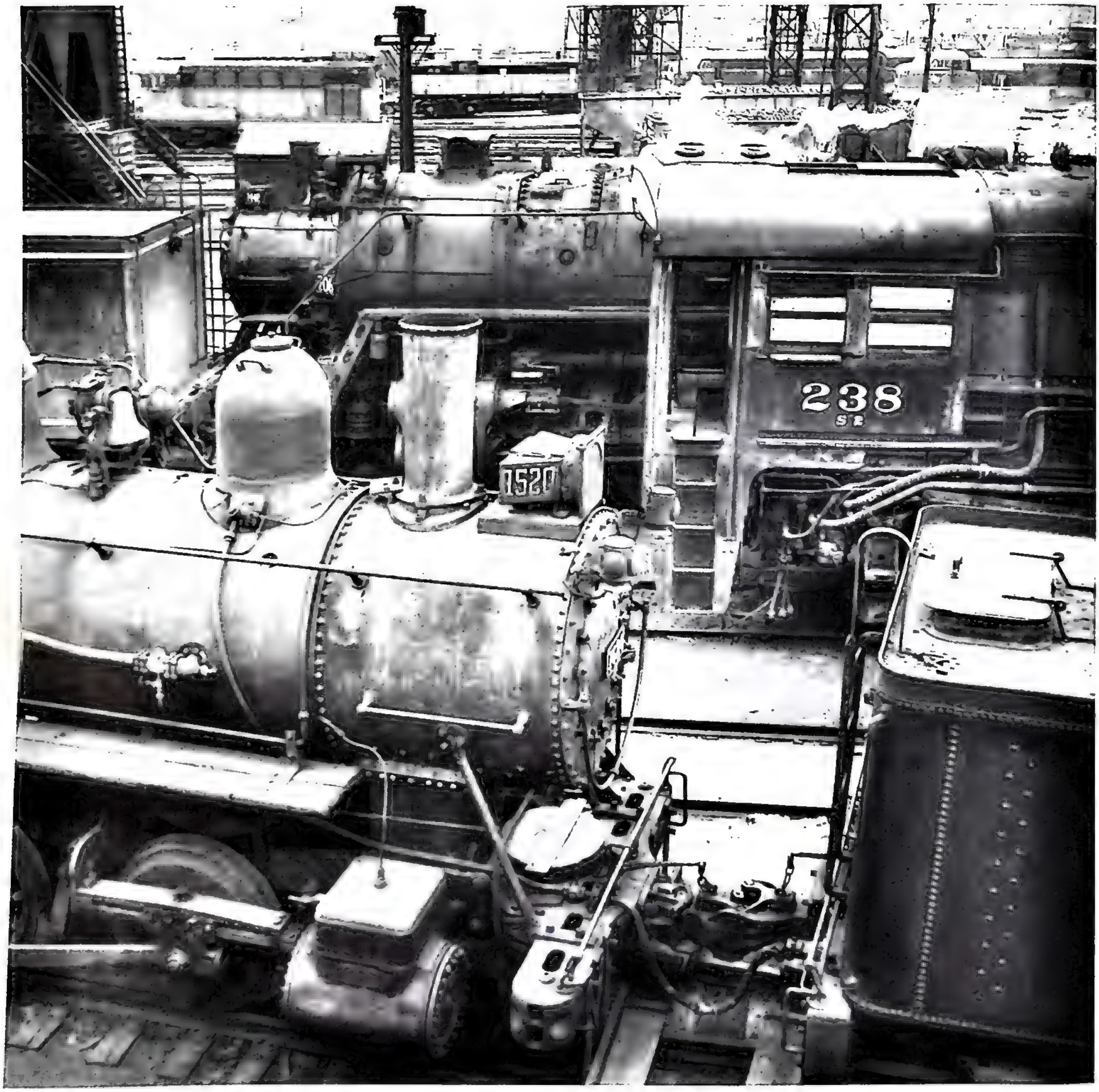
ALWAYS LOOK BACK

Two guys and a Ford search for steam in the American Middle West

This is the record of what two guys, a camera, and a Ford found in September 1954 in the American Middle West when for 14 days and 4000 miles they searched for steam. They sought to be an attentive audience at the command performance of railroading in the hope that at least a measure of drama might be shared in photo and in print with others, with you. This, then, is for those who fell under the spell of steam, those who must always look back. And it is dedicated to all those railroaders — officials and operators and enginemen and hostlers and many, many more whose wholehearted cooperation made the research so rewarding and so enjoyable.

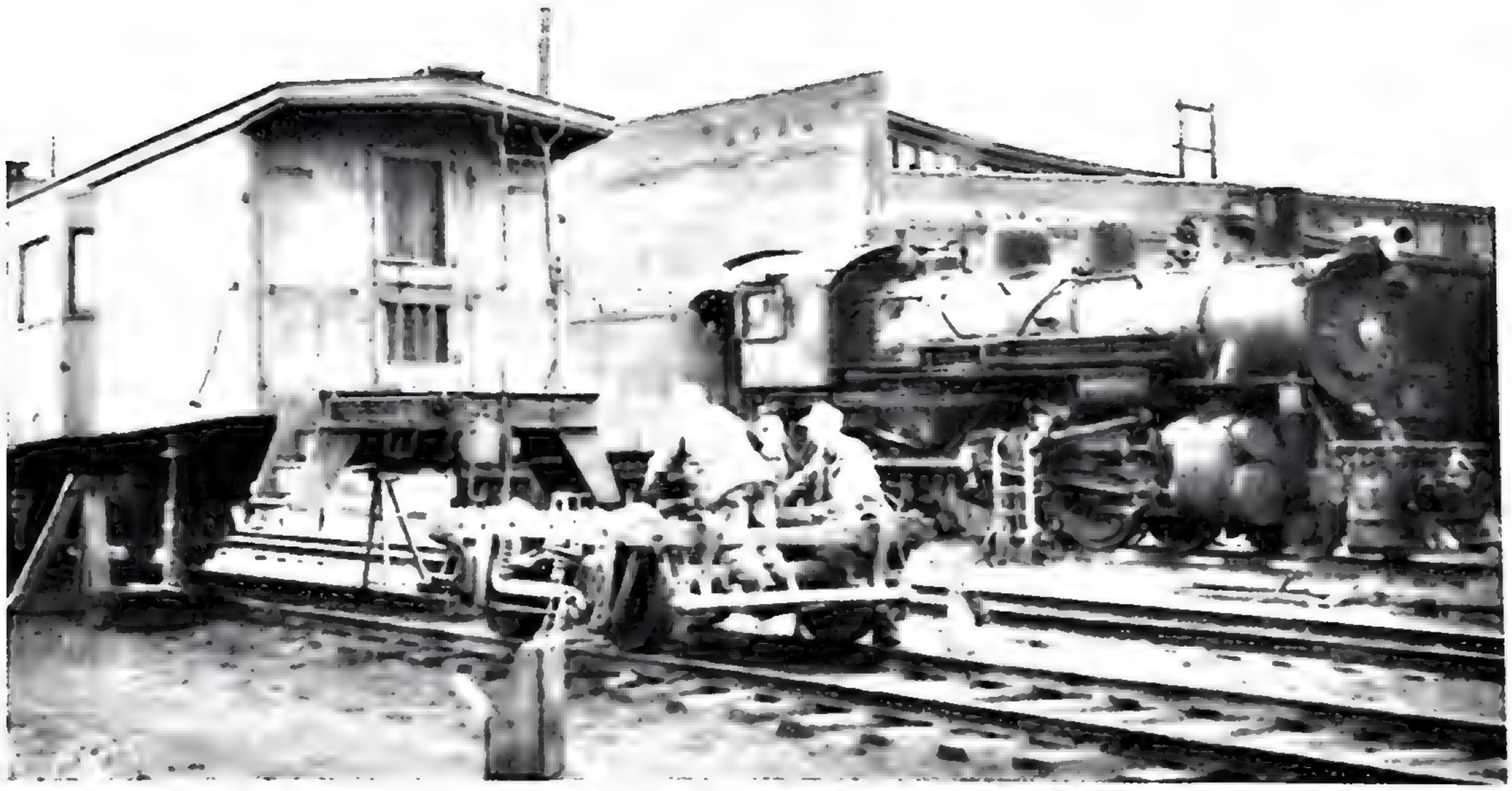
We began our search for steam in Milwaukee. A good place for a beginning, too, for this is the birthplace and ancestral home of the railroad which bears its name. Never mind the fact that the headquarters are in Chicago — that's merely a matter of desks. The heart is here, specifically in what locals call "the valley," a river-cut canyon through the city in which the road maintains expansive yards, two roundhouses, elaborate shops, and all the accessories. The shops end of the valley is known as West Milwaukee; out of these buildings have come a flock of new locomotives (including an experimental 4-8-4), the road's famous ribbed and welded box cars, and the bulk of the lightweight *Hiawatha* equipment. Today West Milwaukee isn't the same; there's no more carbuilding, and steam is on the skids. The visitor who encounters a live S3 Northern easing onto the table of house No. 1 may consider himself quite fortunate, in fact.

Here's a dirty brute of a 4-8-4 for you — a straight barrel of a boiler cradled on disc drivers and possessed of a fearsome face. The off-center bell balanced by a Mars light, jumbo numbers, and solid pilot identify her as a piece of Milwaukee Road property, but without a magnifying glass you should be able to discover a Delaware & Hudson 300, Rock Island 5100, or New York Central original Niagara here. You should, for give or take a few pounds and an inch or two, they're practically twin sisters. This is not a surprising conclusion inasmuch as Alco built 'em all during the war when the War Production Board frowned on new patterns. We found the 261 rolling west from Milwaukee with a consist of two dead diesels, two freshly painted boxcars, and a bay-window caboose. Extra 261 West was an amusing little train and the dog was wagging the tail.



There are those sensitive souls who are really shaken by a locomotive graveyard. The cold, rusty ranks of condemned power depress them and they come only on a matter of urgency — a serial number on a data plate or a specific record photo of a newly discovered engine. It is as if they had reluctantly gone to the bedside of a dear companion, a person now wasted away and but a blurry shadow of remembered strength and enthusiasm. Not I, though. I have never yet passed up a line of dead locomotives and I never expect to. I can spend hours down in the weeds beside their main rods, up in their glassless cabs, atop their pilot beams and boilers and domes. If they are strangers, then I wish to become acquainted before the torch makes a builder's photo or the *Locomotive Cyclopedia* my only resort. And if they are old friends, like these ponderous S2 4-8-4's and slide-valve shifters of the Milwaukee Road, then I want time for a last long look before they go.

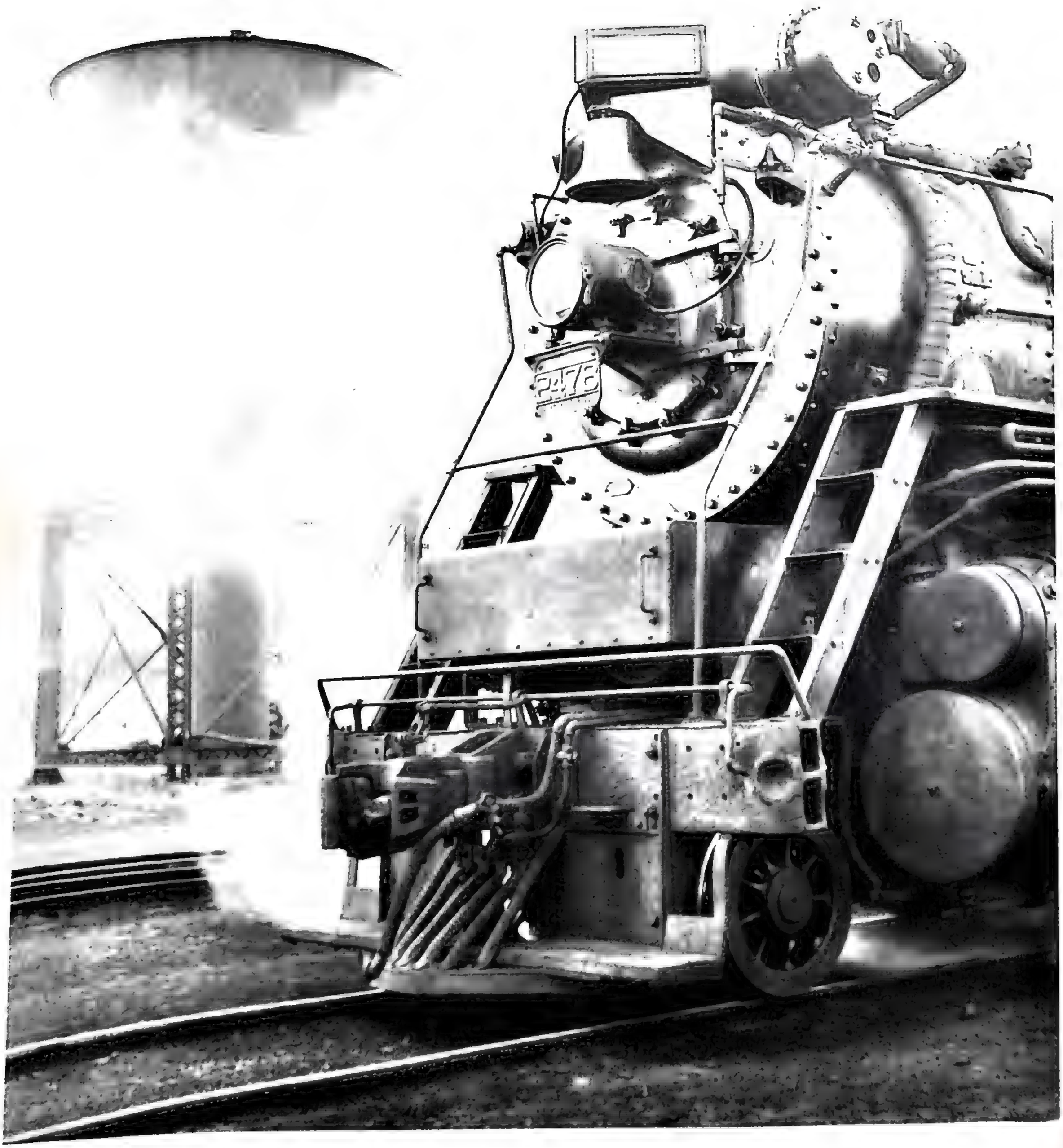
Hats off, gentlemen, for here comes the grand old lady of the Milwaukee Road, the F3. The Kaiser was still a world dandy when these durable Pacifics were receiving their first class 5 repairs; in their life have come events which would have forced a lesser engine off the high iron years ago — harsh changes like longer and heavier trains, the punishing speed up of the late 1930's, and the introduction of new 4-4-2's and 4-6-4's. Yet the F3 took it all in stride, gloriously so for us who saw these high-pitched dames and heard their impatient voices — so well, in fact, that one official was moved to remark that "they don't owe the Milwaukee Road a cent." Just a handful of minutes out of Milwaukee, Wis., on a weekend afternoon, this is the 192 coasting into suburban Wauwatosa with No. 23, a Madison local. Splendid, isn't she?



This is Spooner, Wis., a terminal on the Omaha Road — a C&NW subsidiary up in the granger country. On a rainy Monday morning and in this particular scene the calendar was turned back to World War I as the carmen alongside a Ten-Wheeler worked on a wooden-framed outside-brake-hanger caboose truck of Victorian vintage. The brick roundhouse in the rear sheltered a genuine USRA locomotive. A mere glance at the heavy 2-8-2's cultured boiler identified her as a "Government engine." For the man partial to them these U. S. engines seem to have perpetual youth, a lingering modernism. It disturbs one's sense of propriety to come across one cold and unkempt, as in Spooner. It's a change you just can't satisfactorily adjust to. I can't now. I couldn't then.

The occasion was the retirement of the North Western's last Class D Atlantic (No. 395, Schenectady class of 1908), and to suitably honor this circumstance the Railroad Club of Chicago had sponsored a Chicago-Milwaukee-Madison-Chicago triangle trip behind the veteran. This day she was a debutante once more, unwinding for the faithful her most famous asset: a quartet of 81-inch driving wheels. The excitement was almost too much for the dear old lady, for she developed a touch of arthritis, namely a hot trailer-truck journal, and the railroad was obliged to cut in a considerably younger Pacific to help her along. Over in Madison, where the 395 received medical attention, the engine terminal was almost overwhelmed by the fans. I don't believe that the police and most of the railroaders around understood. They seldom do. What was with these people, anyway, who pored over an old teakettle and took picture after picture? Why, it's just an old Class D....

On a quiet Sunday morning in the hamlet of Wales, Wis., a few miles west of Milwaukee, we were killing time when a boy of six or so made inquiry as to our presence. On a man-to-man basis I endeavored to get across the point that this was an exceptional day along the Chicago & North Western's undulating single-track line to Madison, that down the pike a special passenger train was racing our way with two steam engines. He didn't buy. He knew full well that diesels handled the branch way freight as well as the daily local, which had just departed. He laughed and walked off, glancing back now and then with that mischievous grin of youth undeceived. A pity, too, for moments later a whistle called in the distance and a faint hammering of exhaust came to the ear. They were rolling now, making up time, thundering up the 1 per cent grade into Wales with the certainty and exclamation of the old *Overland*. They came curving out of a cut in a scene all smoke and wonder.


2478

Before hitting the road we pooled every scrap of hearsay and rumor we had heard, read, or dug up about the possible whereabouts of steam, cross-checked this information against the known statistics of steam's decimation, and obtained a "fix" on the problematical haunts of steam. This data was transferred to aeronautical charts and Standard Oil maps. And yet we somehow skipped the steam-operated Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific until it got underfoot. The 175-mile line in northern Minnesota was chartered in Maine, never got closer to the Pacific than 1800 miles, and is presently in the Canadian National household. That last item is redundant, of course. Who else would control a railroad operating engines like these? The Elesco feedwater heater and V-shaped numberboard with underslung bell betrays CNR parentage. Pacific 5127 riding the trestle and stopping at DW&P's West Duluth station is, in fact, a leased CNR engine with the overnight accommodation from Ft. Frances, Ont., but Consolidation 2478 bears DW&P lettering. Authoritative looking locomotives, these.

Duluth-Superior is an entrancing showcase of railroading — all manner of railroading, including three transcontinentals, a terminal property, granger roads, a friendly outlander of Canadian parentage, and, of course, U. S. Steel's conveyor belt, the Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range. High steel and wood trestles fan out like a web over downtown; yards are everywhere; and depots and roundhouses are in bountiful supply. And considering the drifting columns of smoke, the area easily qualifies as the steam citadel of the Middle West. Not the least of its attractions is the daily-except-Sunday departure of Soo Line No. 63 for Thief River Falls, Minn. At the Duluth depot, 0-6-0 345 switches out the *Laker*, as Pacific 2702 departs with No. 63. About to duck under Michigan Street on her way out of the depot (far right), the 2702 hardly feels the weight of the lone combine behind her. ■

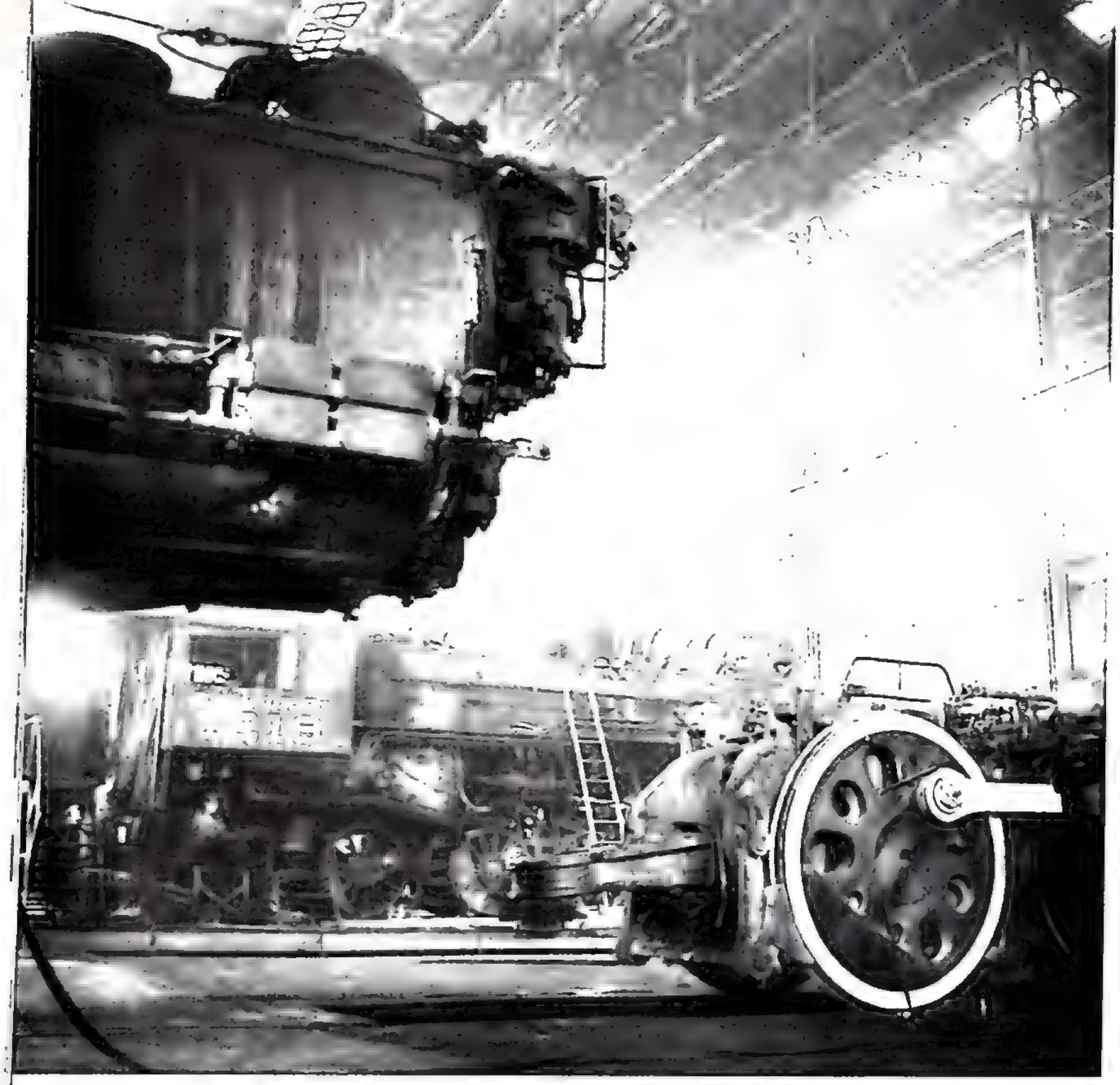
Happy Land of the Plumber's Nightmares

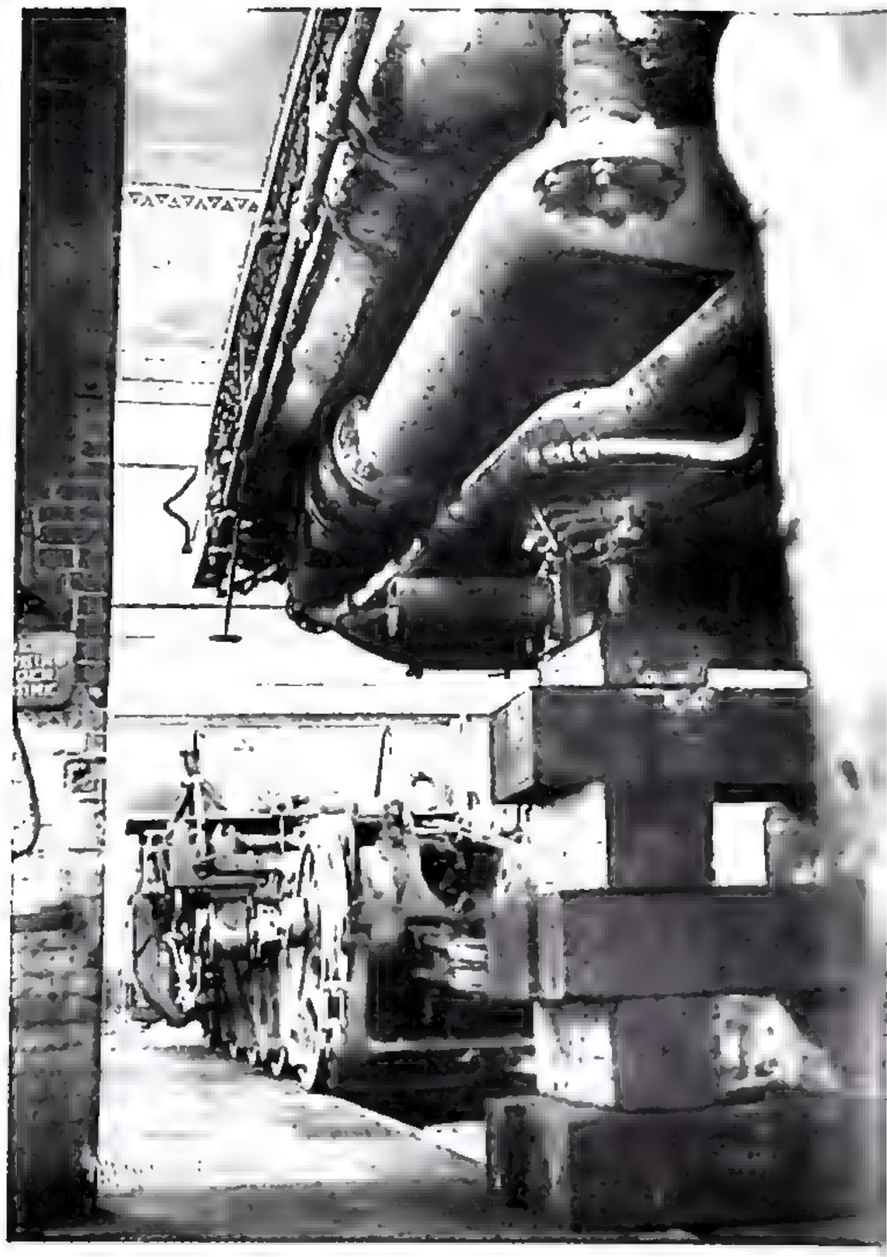
A command performance on the Missabe Road

The command performance of steam in the American Middle West is U. S. Steel's conveyor belt between pit and port — the Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range. No other road of its dimension and capacity in the nation, and perhaps the world, is so utterly devoted to the transportation of a single commodity. An astonishing 93 per cent of its gross is born of ore; with a mere 568½ route miles to its name, this one railroad moves better than 40 per cent of all the rail hauled ore in the U. S. Its map, which suggests a steel lariat drawn tight around the Mesabi Range and knotted in Duluth, says as much. So do the ponderous locomotives illustrated here.

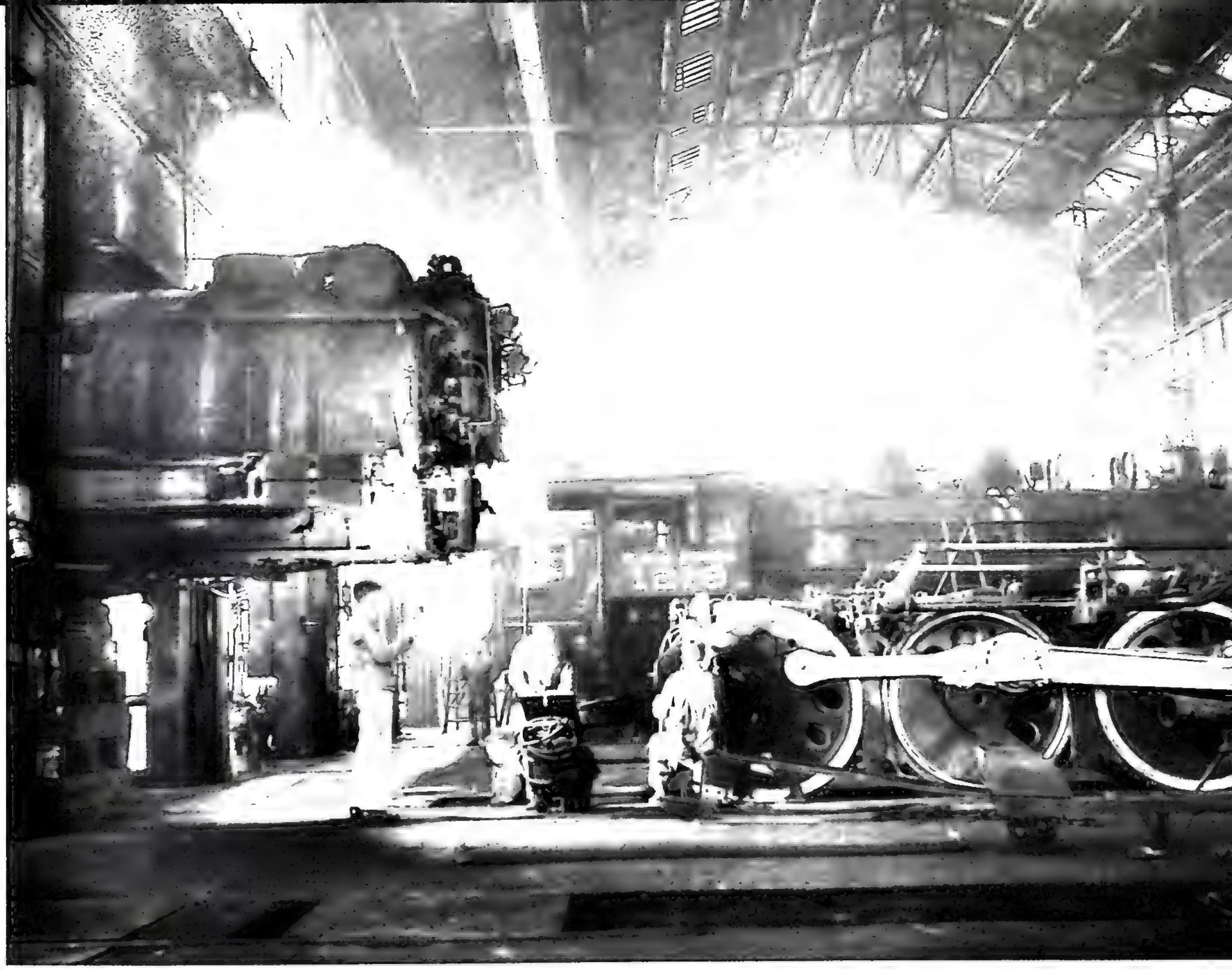
In brawn and bulk the steam switcher attained a design peak in the 0-10-2 or Union type with an engine weight of 422,000 pounds and a tractive effort of 90,000 pounds. The nine engines of this unique wheel arrangement were built by Baldwin for U. S. Steel's Union Railroad in 1936-1937, but diesels bumped them from the Pittsburgh-area Union onto the Missabe in 1949. We chanced upon the 605 simmering near the Proctor roundhouse and immediately identified her as an outlander. By ordinary standards a clean limbed engine, she was — for the Missabe Road — an austere creature.

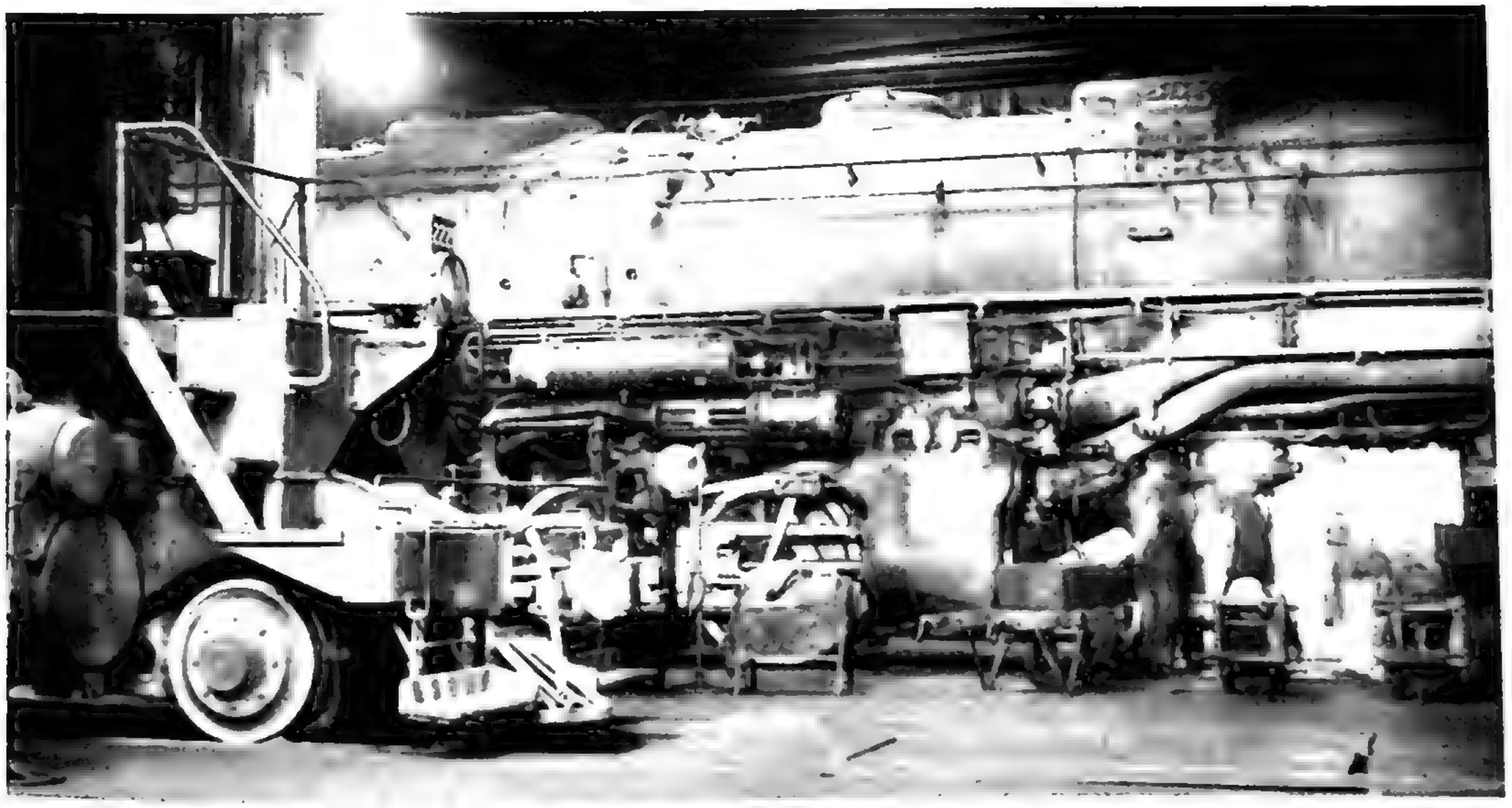
If there is one quality which stamps Missabe Road power indelibly on the memory, it is this: They are "accessory locomotives." In its heyday the Missabe must have been an appliance salesman's dream, for its power is loaded with extra air reservoir tanks, feedwater heaters, siphons, coal pushers, speed recorders, and VHF space radio equipment. On the chilly September evening we spent at Proctor, Minn. (9 miles of twisting 2 per cent up and around the mountain which hovers at Duluth's back door) rows of 2-10-4's and 2-8-8-4's dominated the panorama of power. I had seen neither class before and was immediately struck by the impressive diameter of the smokebox on the Texas and by the length and sense of compact bulk inherent in the articulated. The 2-8-8-4's are, incidentally, the world's huskiest single-expansion engines, with a tractive effort of 140,000 pounds.

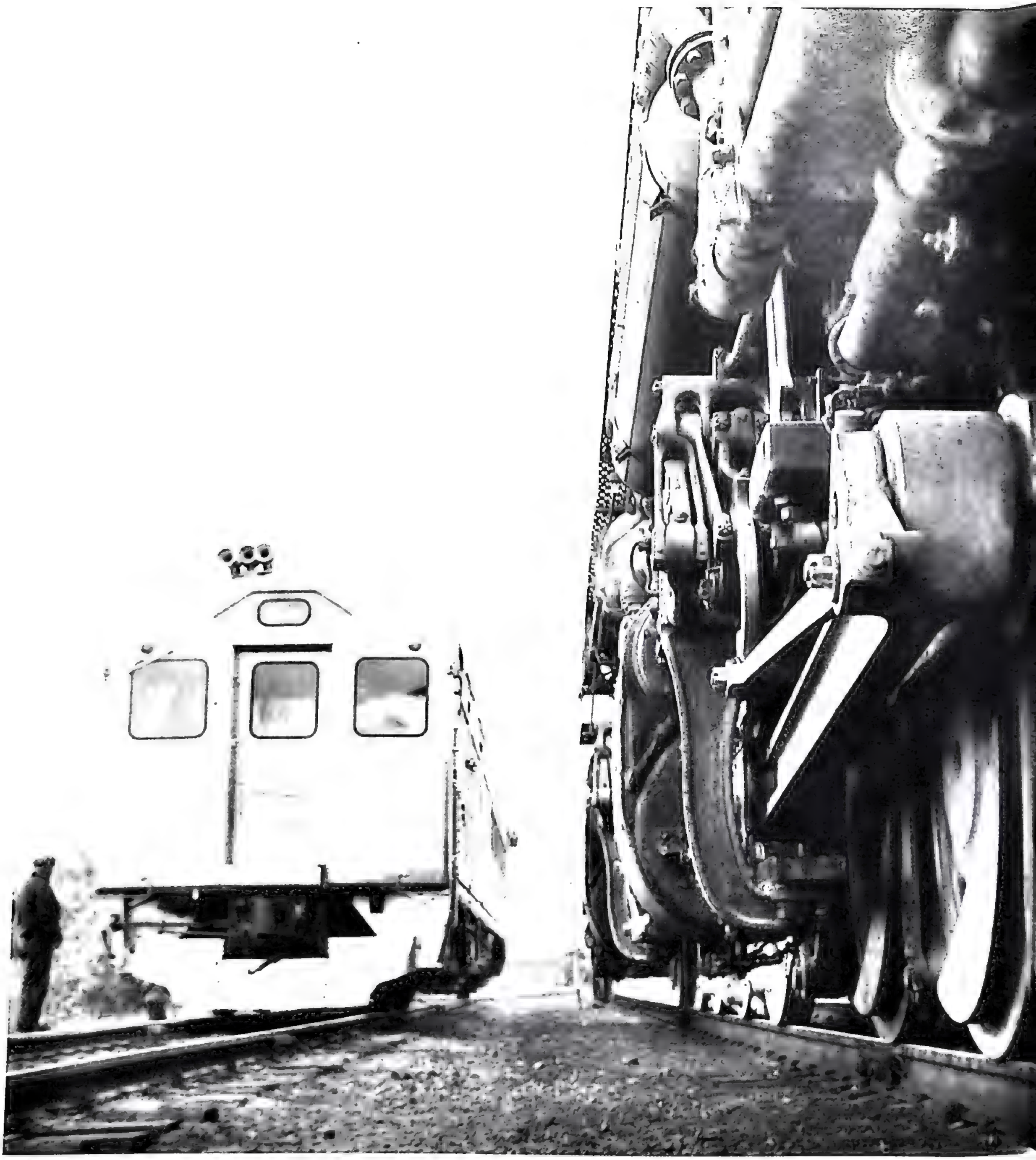


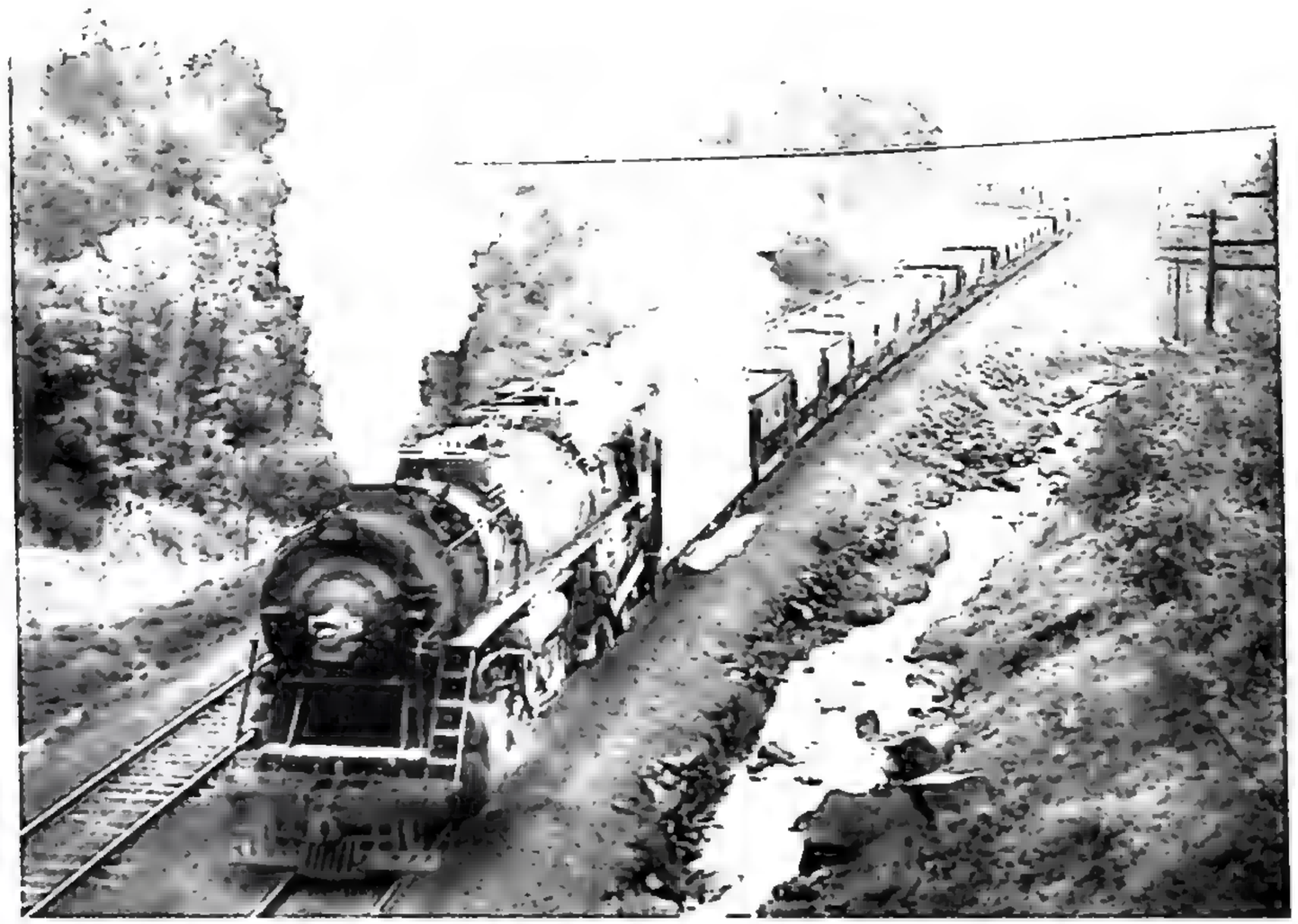


Here is 695,040 pounds of lame articulated: We encountered Yellowstone No. 225 in the Two Harbors (Minn.) Shops, undergoing surgery because she had too much play in her forward engine. Now the width of the erecting shop proper does not permit lifting the full 58½-foot length of a 2-8-8-4's boiler. Instead, there is a drop pit in the low-roofed side of the shop for maintenance on the rear set of drivers. The procedure for the forward engine — illustrated here — goes like this: A cable sling from the overhead crane is looped around the smokebox and the boiler is raised just enough to permit rolling the lead engine out into the main bay; then the boiler is gently lowered onto a crib of heavy timbers. (And how they creak as they soak up half the weight of a 2-8-8-4!) The foreman at Two Harbors told us it was no trick at all, providing the massive pin in the hinge holding the lead engine in place did not stick. "Sometimes they drop out at the tap of a hammer," he mused. Then he nodded at the big Baldwin with her chin up on blocks, "We've been working on this one since seven o'clock yesterday morning."



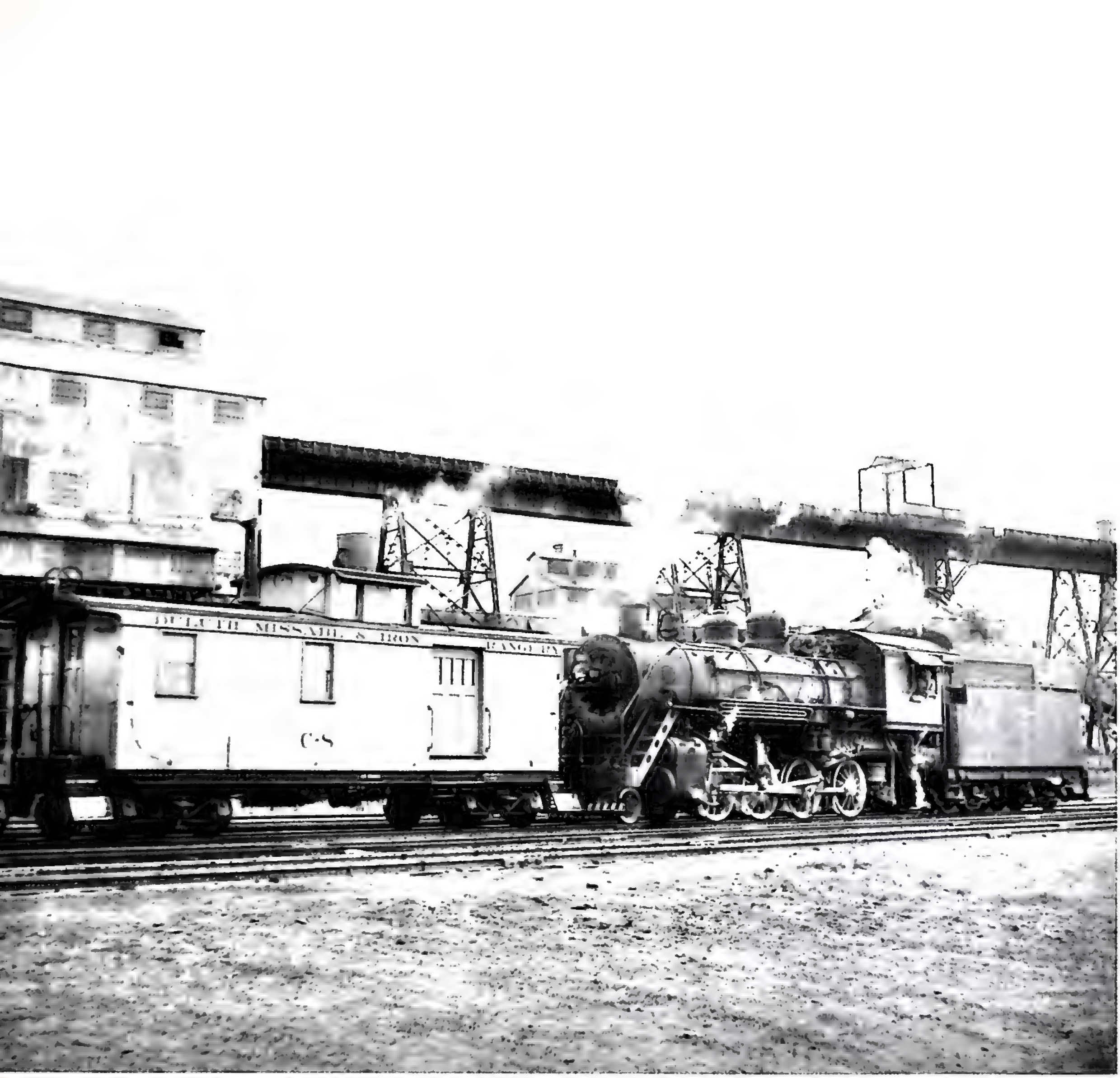




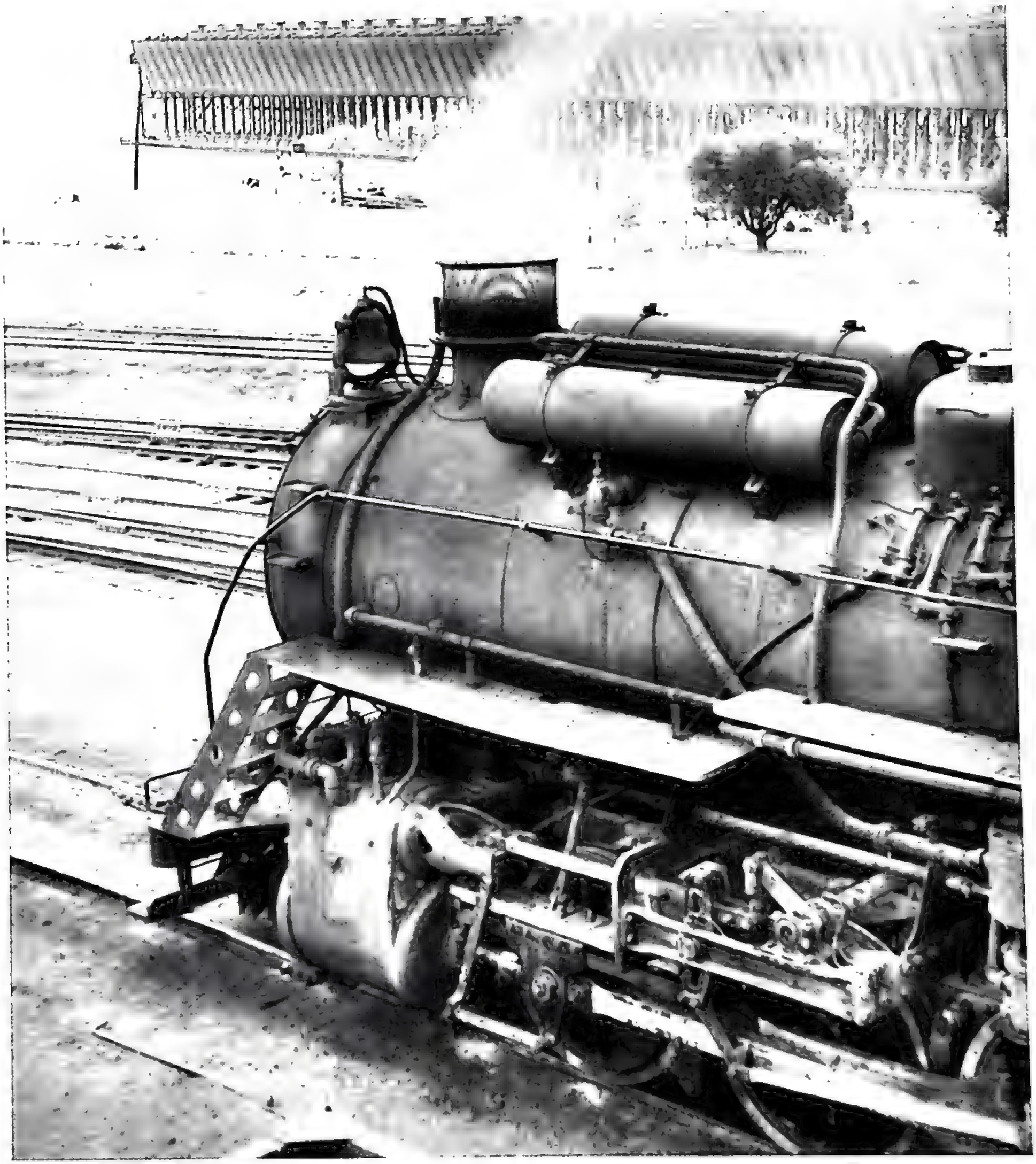


This is steam all out — ex-Bessemer & Lake Erie 2-10-4 No. 713 fighting every inch of the way as she comes out of the St. Louis River Valley with empty hoppers from the ore docks on Lake Superior in Duluth. Ore brought in over the main line of the Missabe Division is weighed in Proctor and blocked into transfer cuts according to the mineral composition. These cuts are eased down to the docks in Duluth, 7 miles away, caboose first, with the Texas on the other end backing her loads down the left-hand iron. Coming back up takes everything these big Bessemers have, what with the grade rising to a maximum 2.18 per cent and the stubby hoppers hanging back with leaden inertia. Wonderful enough by day, the scene is glorious after dark with flame and fire reflecting on the swirling steam and smoke. It is what we inadequately term "a moving experience."

Beauty and the brute was Photographer Hastings' estimate, the situation just outside Two Harbors as the Missabe's Budd RDC-3 hummed up beside the awesome running gear of 2-8-8-4 No. 227, just in from the range with an ore train. Surely this was in contrast within evolution — on the right the fruition of more than a century's experience with reciprocating steam power, on the left a wedding of the comparatively new elements of stainless steel and internal combustion. Odd, perhaps, that both should ply a common gauge — and that both were born within a few miles of Philadelphia!



Little fellow: Missabe Road power is dominated but not monopolized by articulateds and yard engines of peculiar wheel arrangement — witness this old beast of burden shuffling about Rainy Junction at a crushing plant of Oliver Iron Mining. She served to remind us of the astonishing range of design on the Missabe, whose roster of less than 175 steam locomotives accommodates no less than nine different wheel arrangements. Censorship necessarily blacked out the road during the war, and even today the unexpected visitor is not welcome. I suspect that this, plus the company's somewhat inaccessible location, is responsible for the meager acclaim its locomotives have received. In any event, it's a pity because even a rank and file Missabe engine is a photogenic thing and many are notable on any count.



Once her stubby ore hoppers are safely deposited on the great docks at Two Harbors there is time for a veteran like Mikado 1303 to take a breather at the adjacent engine terminal.... I might add one last note about this wondrous land of steam: Missabe Road men look like railroaders. They report on duty in overalls and peaked caps, gloves on their hands and frequently a bandanna showing at the collar. I guess I really hadn't noticed how the diesel had quietly changed orthodox railroad garb, how the cleanliness of the new era had made sport shirts and gabardine slacks practical. But I noticed in Two Harbors and Proctor and Duluth — wherever we roamed in Missabe territory. The men who maintained and operated the ore hauler's Mikes and Yellowstones and Santa Fe's were obviously used to getting their hands dirty. ■

"GENTLEMEN, YOUR TRAIN IS COMING!"

Under overcast skies in Minnesota we encountered steam in wheel arrangements from 2-6-0 to 2-6-8-0 — and had a rendezvous with a wheat extra

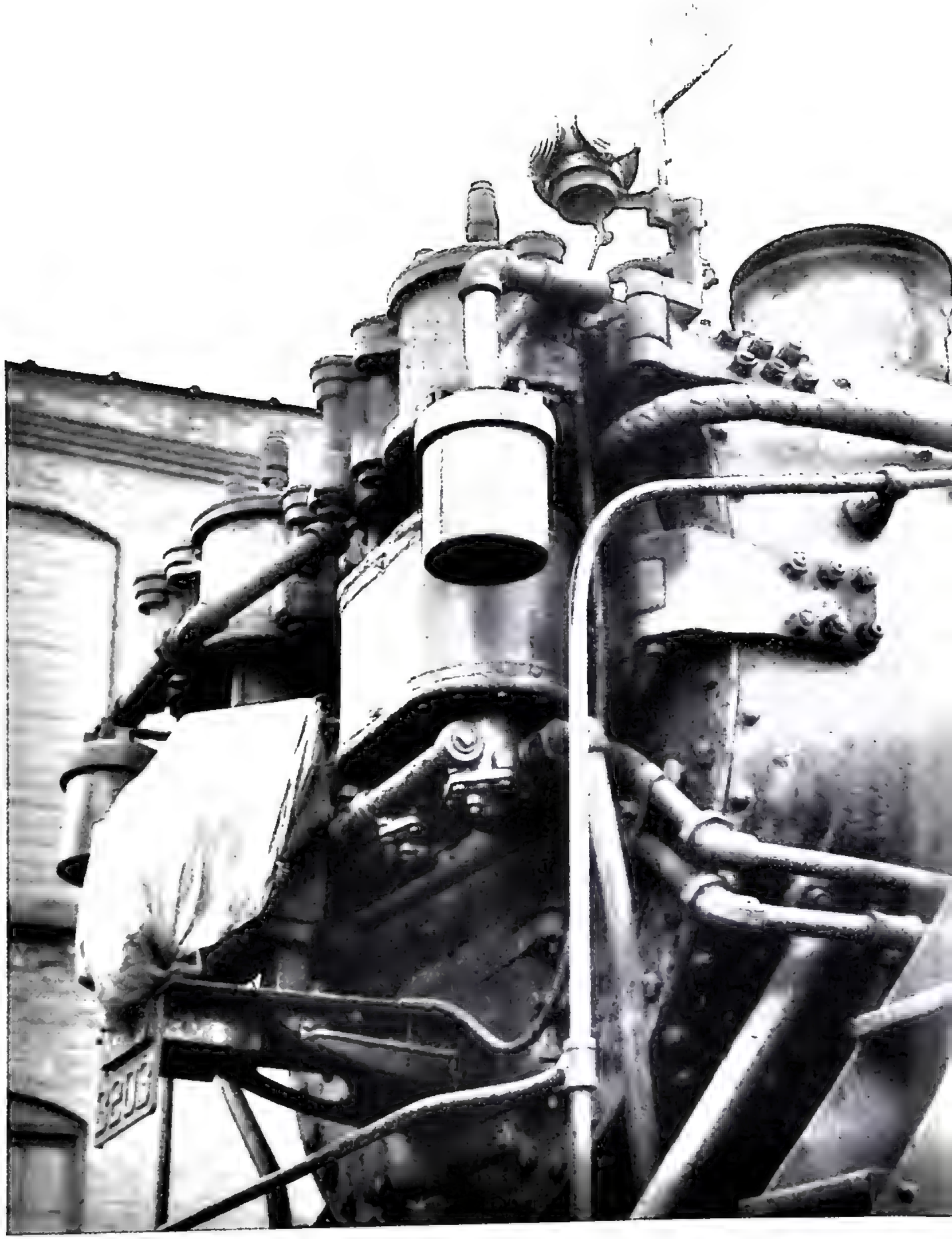
There are many things glamorous in this world of railroading, matters so moving to the heart that even their names in print excite the imagination and lift the eye to a far horizon — phrases like *Super Chief* and "31, copy 3" and "Highball!" For me, one of the best of them is simply "wheat extra." Inasmuch as I wasn't brought up in granger country, for years the term was simply something run across in E. S. Dellinger fiction, something implying vast weight — a statement of awe, too, about a farmland that could grow grain in trainload lots. Well, here is a wheat extra, Northern Pacific Extra 1846 East from Staples to Duluth, to be specific. Various NP ops had posted us on its impending arrival, so eventually we holed up in the hamlet of Pillager, Minn., first obtaining an approximate passing time from the operator, then proceeding to Evensta's Cafe for coffee and pie. The place was tiny, neat, recommended by Duncan Hines (how did he ever find Pillager?), and operated by two ladies. One of them got a call from the op, surmised we were the persons he meant, and announced, "Gentlemen, your train is coming!" So it was in a drama of commerce on the move.

Extra 1609 West — a way freight out of Duluth — occupies the main line at Deerwood as the train crew unloads l.c.l. back at the depot. The hog on the head end is about as Northern Pacific as an engine her age can get, one of 160 Class W 2-8-2's produced by Brooks (Alco) when both the Mikado type and 20th century were quite new. Distinguishing traits are her jaunty, almost arrogant off-center headlight placement, sloping cylinders with valve motion hung between the frames, and inboard trailer-truck journals. Over their long and useful life, the W's have performed about every job posted in NP's roundhouses from St. Paul to Seattle, including through and way freight, helper service, and even occasional passenger turns. We were heartened to find one looking not too much worse for wear.

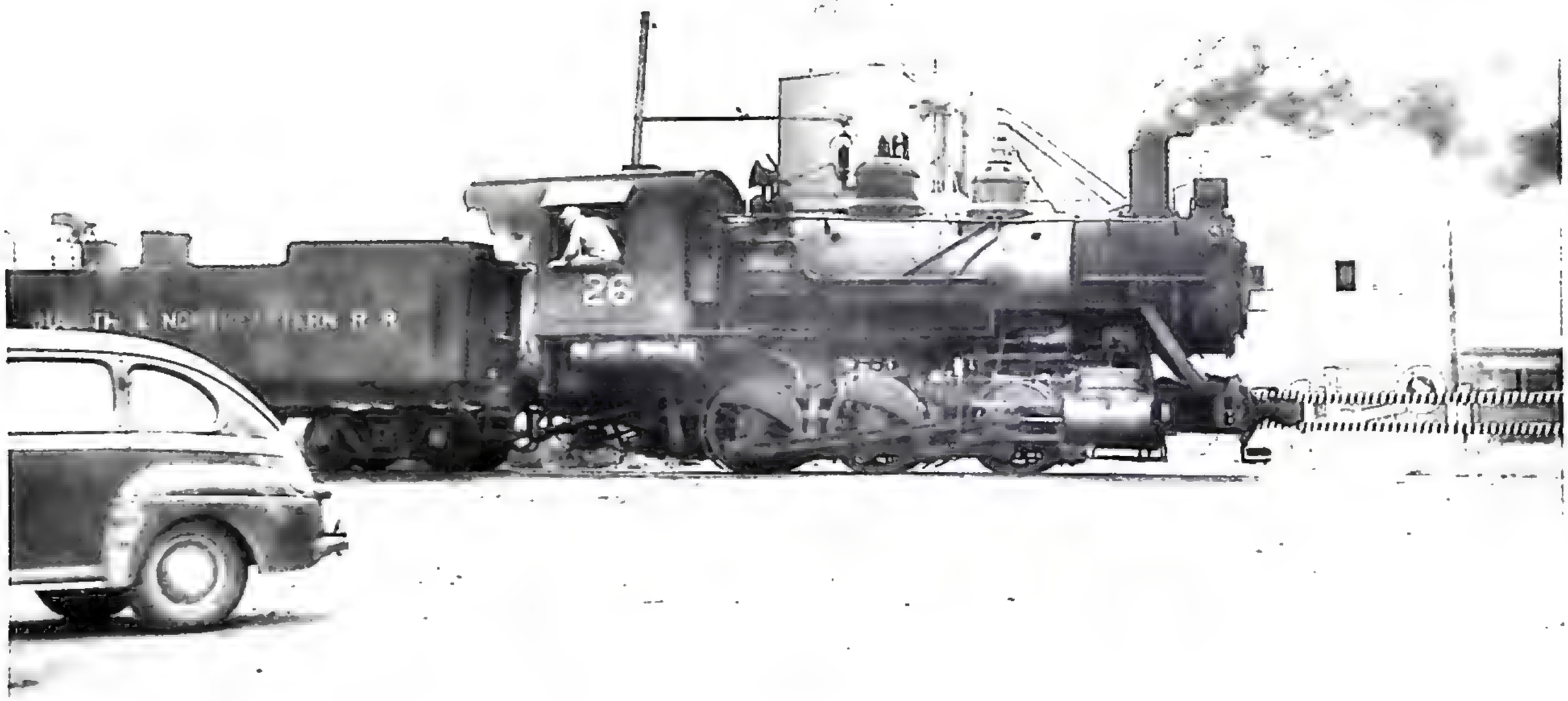
Wait order: Eventually the steady progress of the wheat extra brought it down the main stem beside a work extra sitting in the hole at Baxter, Minn. The dispatcher had put out a wait order on both trains in the hope that they could stage a triple meet with a peddler, Extra 1609 West. The engine crews unloaded, looked over their mounts (accompanied by a judicious poke of the oil can here and there), then gathered about the fireman of the work extra, who was passing the time of dusk slugging stones into the adjacent woods with a baseball bat he carried aboard the 1647. In the background two old partners in Northern Pacific steam sat and steamed — a venerable Class W alongside a considerably younger, larger W-5 whose smokebox was fearsomely decorated with a battery of cross-compound air pumps. Finally time ran out on the wait order and the wheat extra lumbered into motion; the work extra cleared the passing track on its tail and followed it into Deerwood, Minn.

One train we couldn't seem to evade in Minnesota was Soo's service between Duluth and Thief River Falls. No complaints, of course, for Pacific 2702 and its arch-roofed wine-red combine were a welcome throwback to an older, more graceful era in interurban accommodation. Here at McGregor she trundles across the Northern Pacific (Duluth-Staples) to pick up a pair of revenue customers. Engine and combine were, in photographer Hastings' estimate, grandfather's version of the RDC-3. Shoving cost and customer considerations aside for the moment — and in all deference to the Budd Company — I believe I'd settle for Soo Line No. 64. Watching it clatter into McGregor I had a yearning to be aboard, to be chewing the fat with the captain, to be giving a listen to the riding exhaust floating back from the tall stack of Pacific 2702.

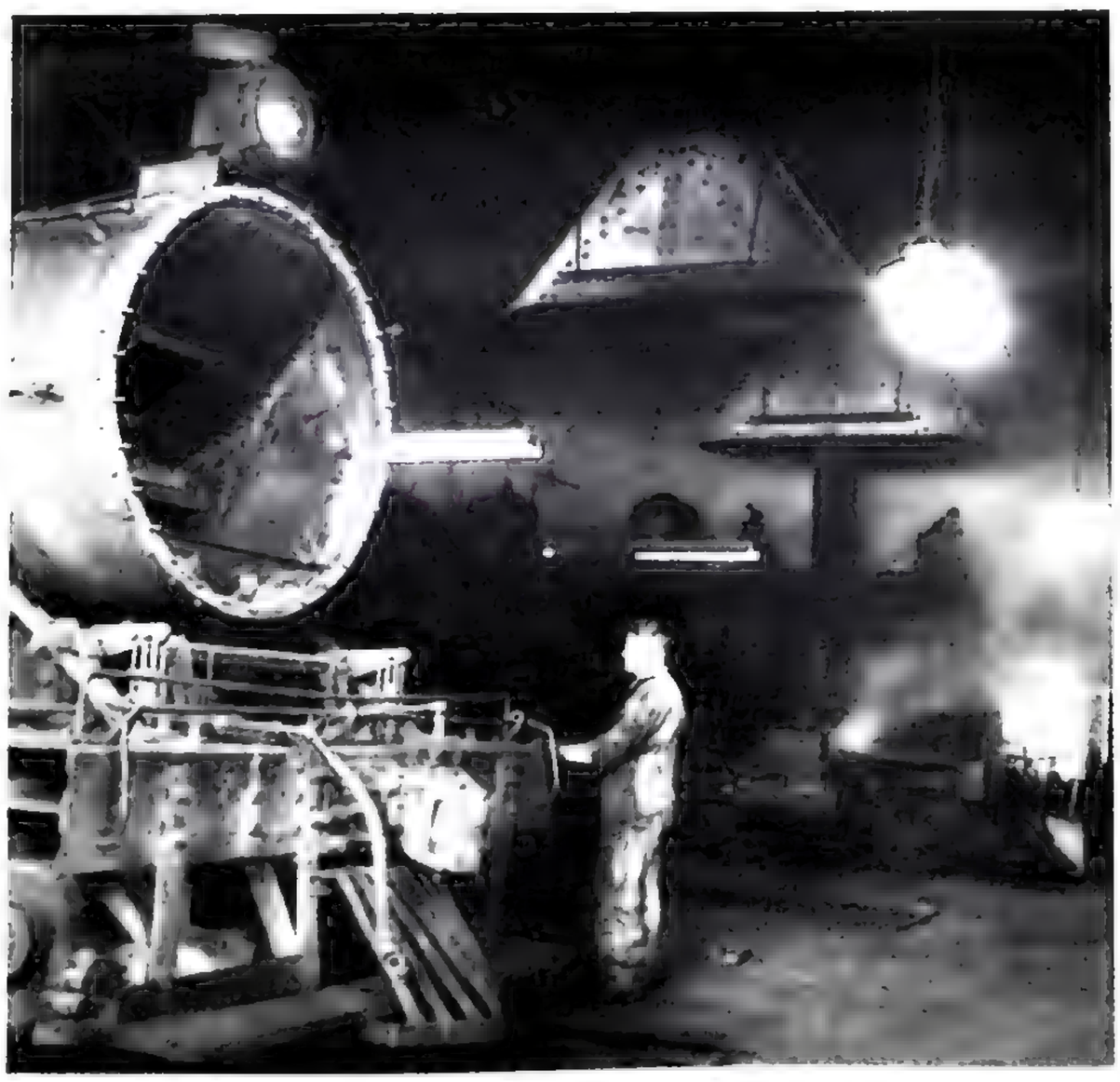
A side trip up to Kelly Lake, Minn., home terminal of the Great Northern's ore-hauling operations, turned up nothing active in steam, but we did locate a stack of notably good "stored service-able" power (witness the muffled headlight of Mike 3203) as well as three of those remarkable GN articulateds — its 2-6-8-0's. Excepting foreign power, I believe the only other articulateds with varying numbers of drivers in their front and rear engines were Santa Fe's 4-4-6-2's and two classes of 2-6-8-0's on the Southern. Thus these were a find.



Out of 290 steam locomotives the Great Northern still had in service or "stored serviceable" as of June 1954, 40 were C-1 class 0-8-0's. In Superior, Wis., we located the 841 (from Belknap bridge) steaming up for a tour of duty, while sister C-1 810 shuffled grain boxes in the rain. Four C-1's were the only active steam we encountered in Superior.



Through the Ford's windshield we viewed the newest acquisition of the Duluth & Northeastern: ex-Western Maryland, ex-Preston Railroad No. 26 switching at Cloquet, Minn.; she was purchased in 1952. As we were to discover, she was only one many pleasant surprises on the 11-mile short line, 59-employee, 6-stockholder, dividend-paying subsidiary of Northwest Paper, a Weyerhaeuser affiliate. Once upon a time the D&NE, chartered in 1898, was many times its present length, extending far up into the Minnesota woods north of Duluth and Two Harbors.

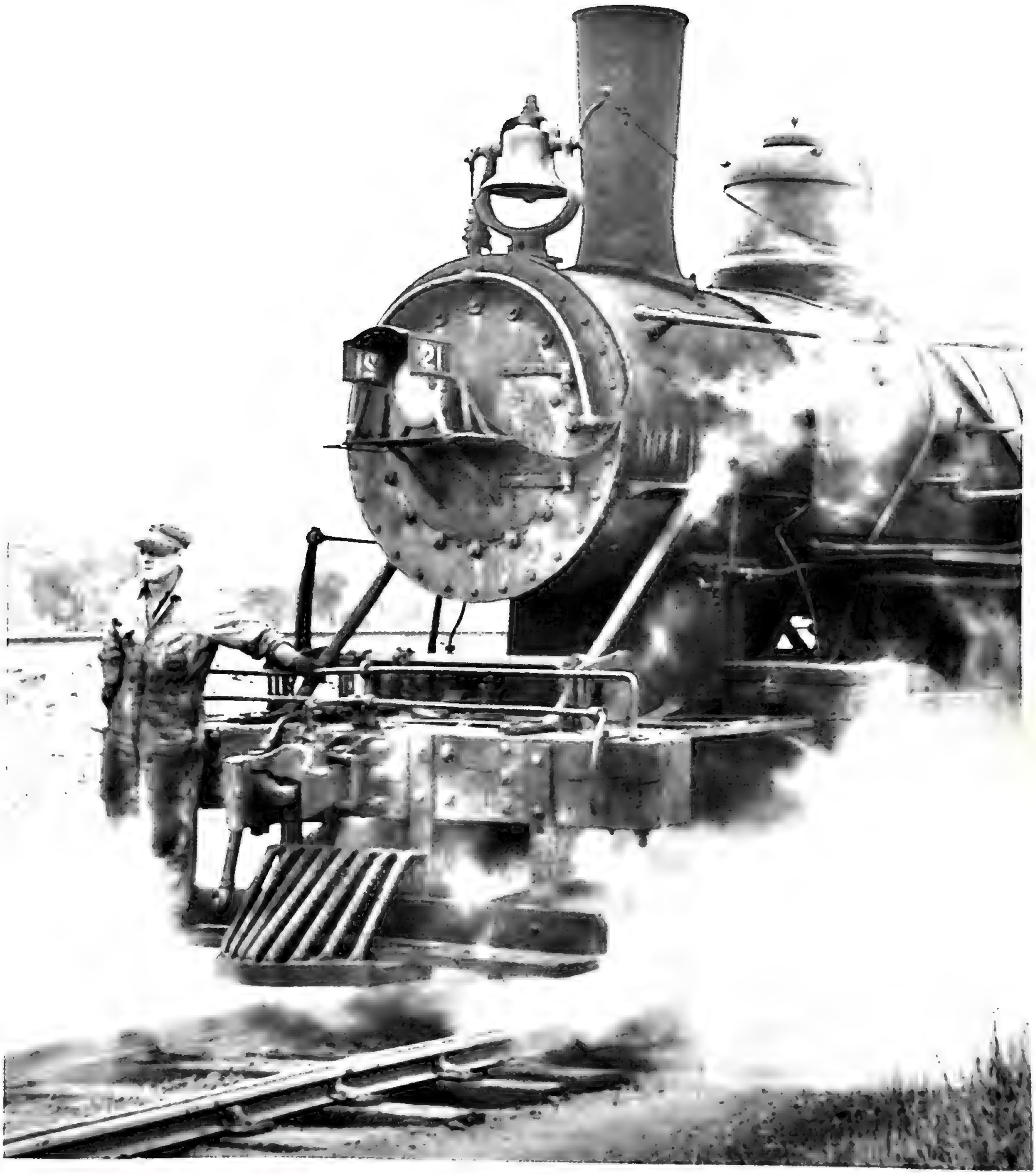


Battle-scarred veteran: Duluth & Northeastern No. 16, the 2-8-0 in the foreground minus her smokebox door, will try anything once. She dived into the river in 1916, was caught in the great forest fire that swept across the D&NE in 1918, and was parked inside the old Cloquet enginehouse when it burned down in 1952. Notwithstanding, the road has forgiven all.

Two executives of Duluth & Northeastern stride down the platform of their general offices in Cloquet while one of their three Consolidations quenches her thirst. Leading the way is Veep and General Manager E. A. Blinn, while Superintendent E. A. Kruger follows. Both have a pride in the property. They should have; it had an operating ratio of 57.4 in 1953!

Diesels — an eventuality for D&NE — might be on the short line already but for certain physical plant features seen here. The handsome steel bridge across the St. Louis River replaced another span that was washed out at floodtide, while the new enginehouse with the glass block windows was built when an older wooden building burned to the ground. All this unexpected and costly construction temporarily canceled any plans D&NE might have had for knocking on the door of General Electric — and why we found the 21 alive.

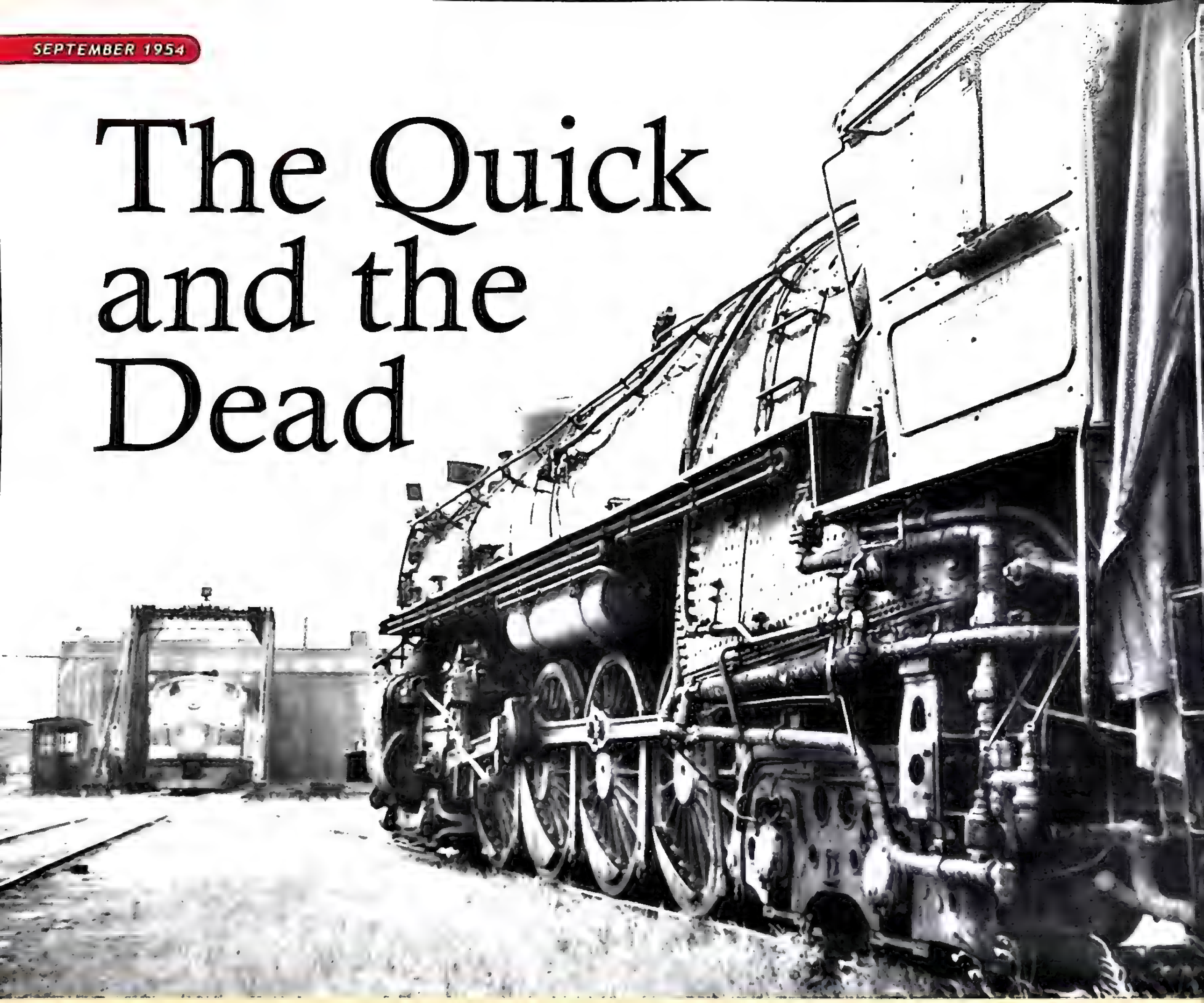
Just in from Saginaw, where D&NE interchanges with the Missabe Road, the 14-Spot does some smart shuffling about with the morning freight at Cloquet. In a year in which steam exhaust has almost been deadened by the diesel, it was a surprise of real dimension to come across such a short line still fired by coal — especially 100 per cent slide-valve power!



The cutest Mogul in the Middle West oozes saturated steam from her tiny cylinders as she takes a turn about the engine terminal of the Duluth & Northeastern in Cloquet. Turned out by Baldwin in 1907, the venerable 21 began life hauling work trains in Central America for the construction of President Teddy Roosevelt's "Big Ditch," the Panama Canal. ■

SEPTEMBER 1954

The Quick and the Dead



On the night of our arrival in St. Cloud, Minn., we located the Great Northern yard just as a beautifully conditioned Mikado was taking the slack out of Extra 3382 West. The experience was exultant — a stark headlight beam staring ahead, a plume of smoke standing high over the stack, open cylinder cocks swathing each side of the engine alternately in clouds of white. The whistle was best of all, a lusty wildcat call that haunted you long after the train had vanished in the direction of Fargo.... Next morning it was raining heavily and Extra 3382 West seemed a thousand years ago. A diesel was reaching inside the roundhouse to retrieve an old 2-8-2 for scrap, while outside a monument of a 4-8-4 slept away the drenching hours. Once her 80-inch drivers had shoved the miles behind the *Empire Builder* and the *Oriental Limited.* Time and Electro-Motive had combined to render her but a silent spectator.

Steam power must always be a splendid experience — whether it's found dead in the rain or smoking up a gravel pit or storming along a Burlington main

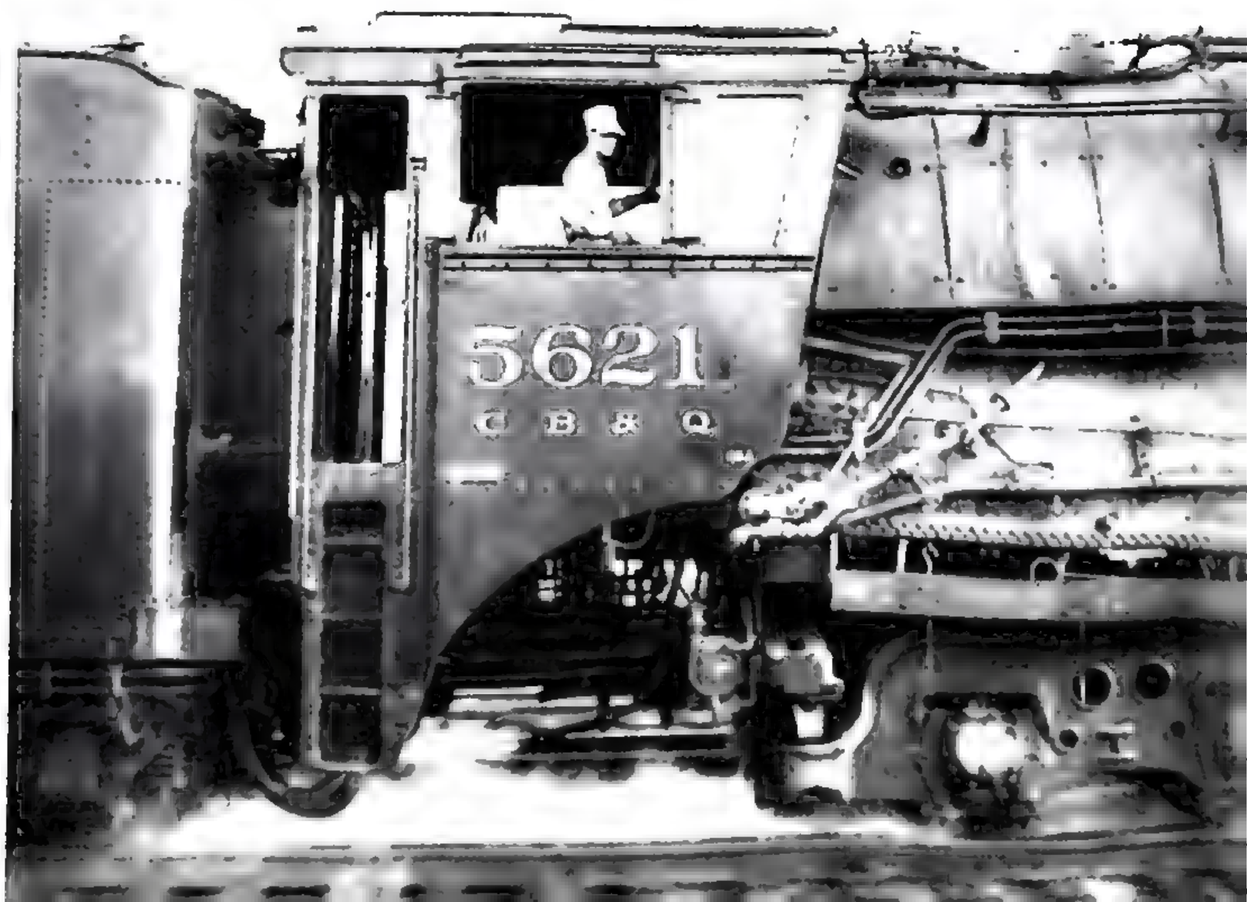
Great Northern S2 4-8-4 slumbers in the rain as FT's reach into the St. Cloud roundhouse to retrieve an old 2-8-2 for scrap.

One of the drawbacks of the granger country's seasonal wheat rush is that the power must be continually balanced. Because the tonnage is overwhelmingly one way, some of the engines that go east under load must return light. Fortunately such a caboose hop — Extra 3393 West — was working its way back from Minneapolis that rain-swept day and we elected to wait for it in the Great Northern's clapboard depot at Monticello, Minn. Suddenly the big 0-8 class 2-8-2 appeared out of the mist, blew for the crossing, and thundered past. The operator advised the dispatcher: "Monticello, 3393 by at 10:37."

A long drive alongside Burlington's riverbank main line down the Mississippi netted nothing in steam until a haze of soft-coal smoke betrayed an aged 2-8-2, chuffing about Cochrane, Wis., with the way freight work of Extra 4964 East. The crew seemed not too enthusiastic about being in possession of the only steam-powered train on the Burlington between the Twin Cities and Savanna, Ill., but they made the best of a trying situation. They had to dodge back and forth across the main without delaying a fleet of westbound streamliners, which kept descending on Cochrane at fearsome rates of speed.

Smallest locomotive encountered on our 4000-mile, 14-day search for steam in the prairie country was this little 0-4-0T saddle-tanker, which was industriously working in the gravel pit of the Consumer Company at Afton, Wis., near Madison. At the foot of a considerable grade, a motor shovel would load her two dump cars to the brim; then she'd come wallowing and rocking back up to the crusher. And what an exhaust! When we first heard it (and before firsthand investigation), we suspected that Consumer Company worked its diggings with a Mallet.

"Old power? Well, we've got plenty of that," the Milwaukee Road roundhouse foreman at Madison, Wis., announced when we explained our mission. And so he had — the light axle-loading power ranged from yard engines to low-drivered Pacifics to a 2-8-0 to this dapper little Ten-Wheeler. G8 class No. 1012 was being roused to take an extra down to Janesville, and a tape recorder would have done far more justice to all the bell ringing, roaring of blower, and clearing of cylinder cocks than my notebook. As observed across the frame, the gentleman lubricating the end of the radius rod is the 1012's engineer. Today he probably signs the register for a road-switcher which needs no such oil-can attention because soon after New Year's 1955 Milwaukee Road announced total dieselization. There can be no intelligent denial of the operating efficiency implied in such a development, just as no reasonable person would suggest views like these could be duplicated with a diesel before the lens.


5621
C B & Q

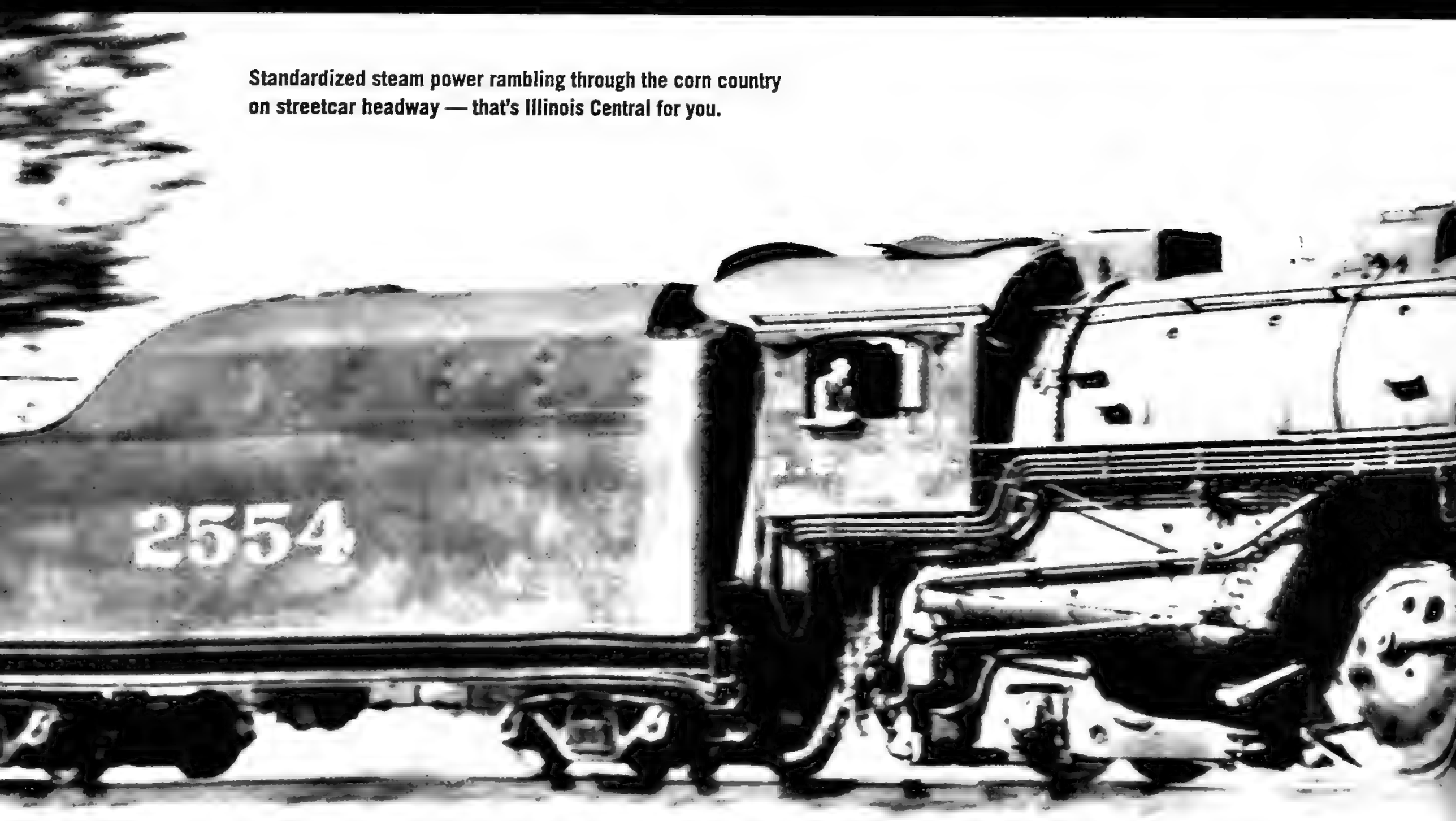
Drama in one act: On a lazy September afternoon we had two seats on the main floor as Burlington Extra 5621 West braked into Mendota, Ill., with 110 cars tied to the tail of its great 4-8-4. A couple of snorts after stopping and the Northern was satisfactorily spotted under the coaling tower. While the engine crew took on fuel and water, cleaned the fire, and oiled around, there was time to examine a choice hunk of machinery. The O5A's boiler came from Philadelphia (Baldwin Extra Order 6675) but the Q had assembled the engine herself in its West Burlington Shops. Componentwise, she failed to be a creature of classic lineage, what with the solid pilot, hooded air pumps, Mars light, and so forth. Yet considered altogether, the 5621 made up for in bulk what she lost in detail so that even the most precise of onlookers could not help but be impressed. At length everybody climbed aboard, the air was released, and back came the throttle. The Northern rolled forward a few feet and stopped — no huff, no puff, no cinders, no nothing. Her thin, spectacled, peak-capped master took note of the situation by reversing, taking a dozen or more cars' slack, and trying again. Once more the mysteriously quiet 5621 refused to be prodded. She didn't so much as slip a quarter turn of her 74-inch drivers. Now the little man in the big cab was losing humor, too, and the next backward motion for slack may have been felt in the caboose. On the third roll for a start, he had the engine moving perhaps 8 mph when the tonnage tightened into inertia; just as the drivers almost lost motion he muttered something rare to the fireman, stood up, and hauled back, way back, on the throttle. Now the drivers fought the threat of slipping, a fine rain of cinders came down, and Extra 5621 West was once more so many gross ton-miles per freight train-hour. ■

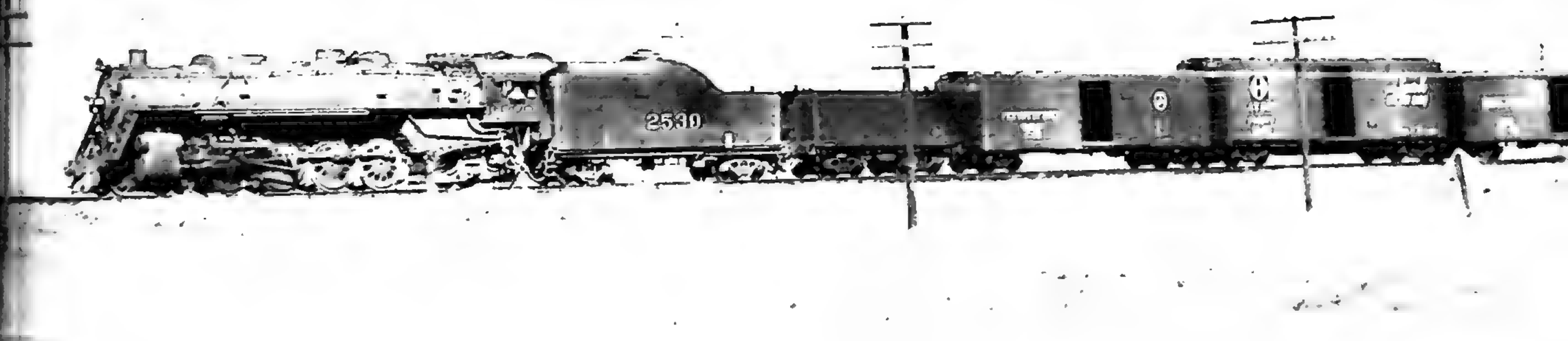
SEPTEMBER 1954

Dig those DOMES!

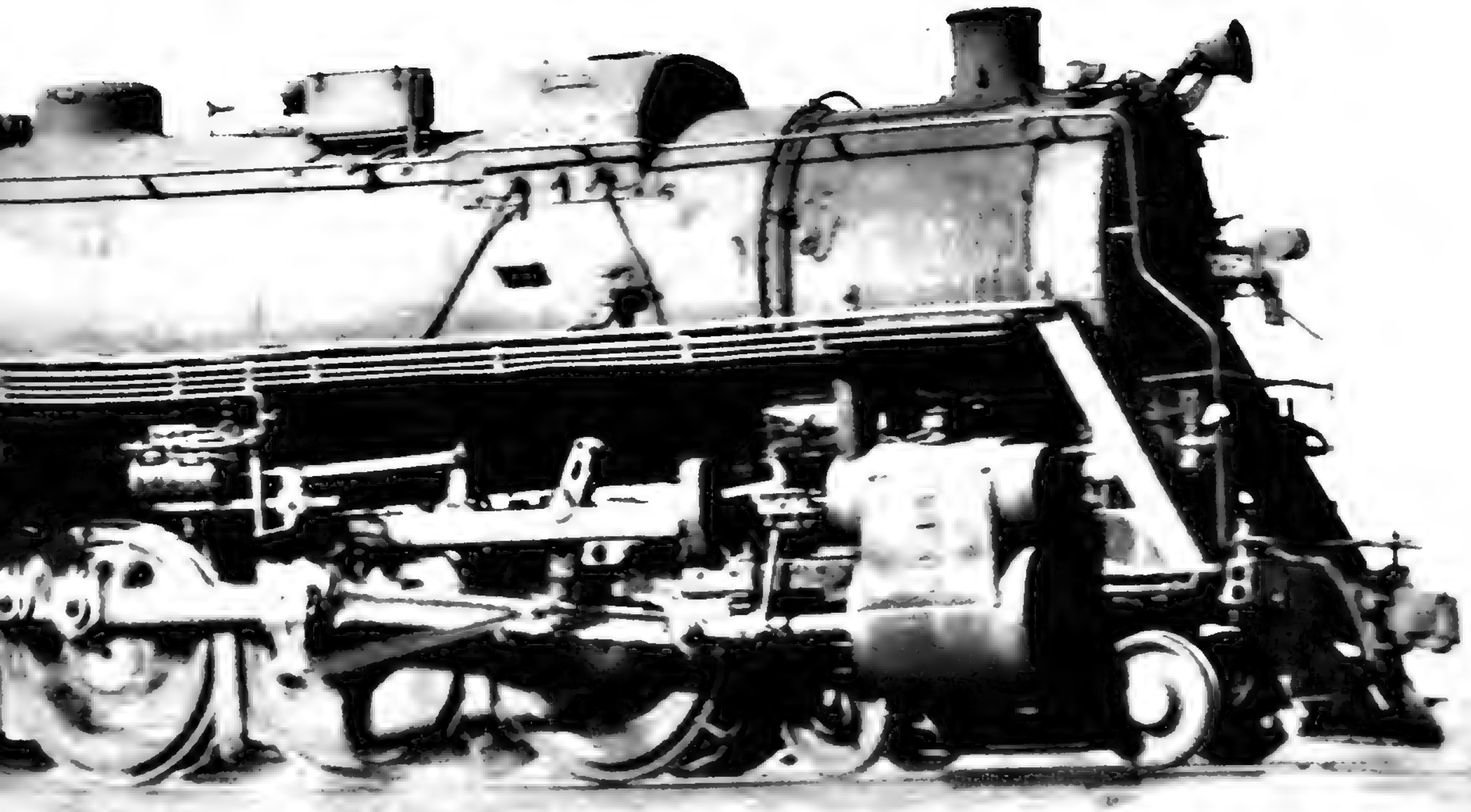
Since Paducah Shops kicked off its wholesale rebuilding program back in the 1930's, an uncommon amount of unkind talk has passed around regarding the esthetic quality of the typical Illinois Central steam engine — and I've been responsible for a share of it. To me, IC's power is forbiddingly severe in both outline and detail. What really hurts are those domes. In fact, I've often wondered why Fred Jukes didn't submit IC power as Exhibit A in his famed debate with TRAINS Magazine (he maintained that if a dome didn't have steam in it, it was a sandbox, not a dome).... And yet esthetic considerations were chucked out the Ford's windows as we paced the 2554 at 40 mph. With a half mile of tonnage on her drawbar and barely a trace of gray at the stack to show for it, she was a sight to please the master mechanic as much as the enthusiast.

Standardized steam power rambling through the corn country on streetcar headway — that's Illinois Central for you.





... the GP7 had yet to make a sizeable dent in photographer Hastings' luck



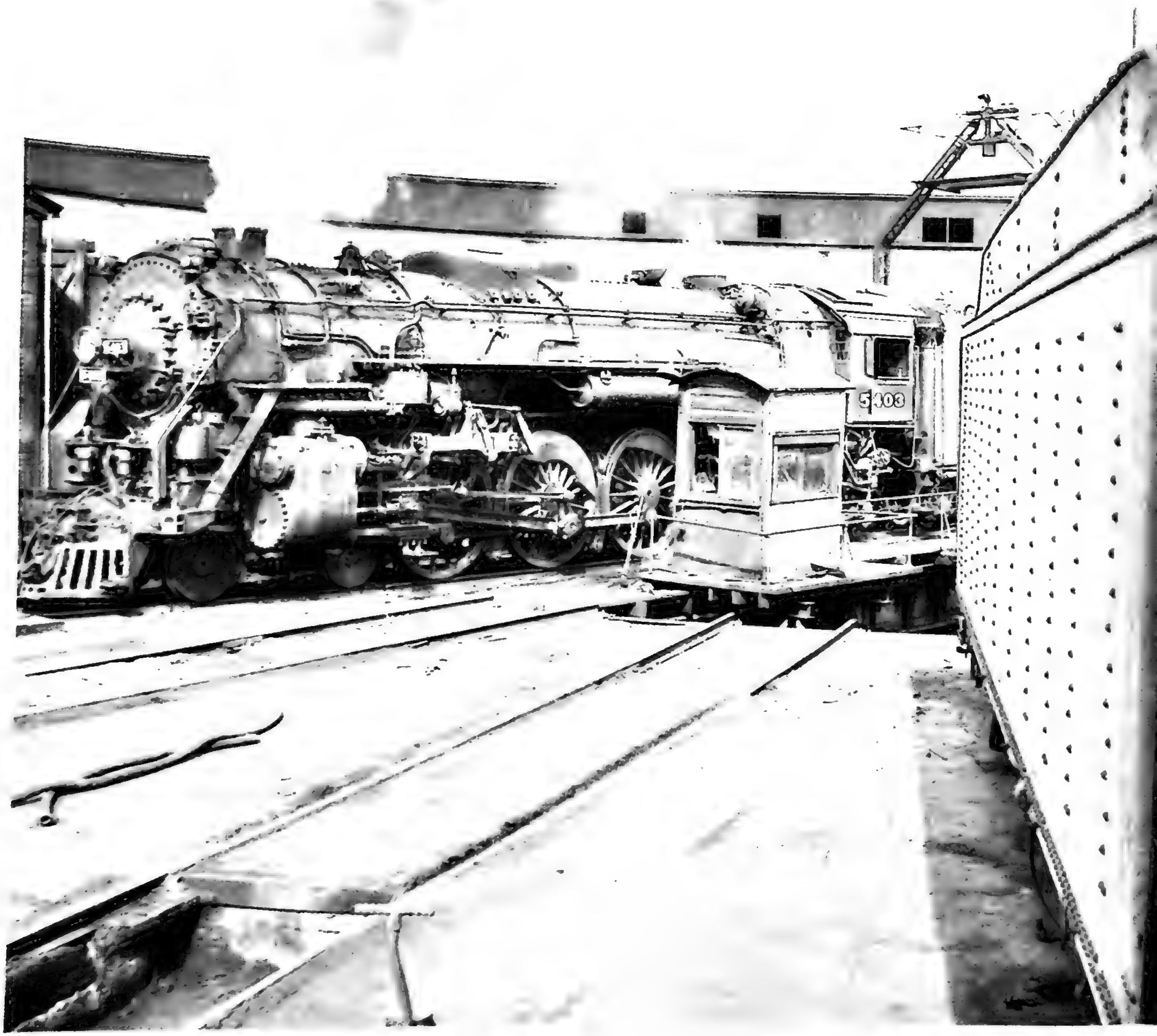
On the September afternoon that we were concentrating on the Burlington at Mendota, Ill., there arose such a clatter on rails occupied by Illinois Central that we were obliged to investigate. What we found was a squat reconstructed Confederate: Mikado 3962. Originally Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific 362, the little 2-8-2 had found her way north via IC's Paducah Shops; her big cylinders, odd dome, and high tank told of the difference that had meant. Here she prepares to groove a spring switch leaving Mendota.

Mountains meet on a double-tracked main near Gilman, Ill., as the 2418 (left) slams north with local No. 94; rolling the other way is the disc-drivered 2539. The remarkable thing to me about this photograph is that it exists at all. We were pacing the 2539 south on U.S. 45 when a faint show of smoke indicted that the Markham local was headed toward us. Hastings did the rest. To my way of thinking the result is a superb and perhaps unique study of big steam power on the move. Its freshness also underlines a peculiarity of railroad photography I've never understood: Why are sites like Cajon top-heavy with photographers while locations like this in the Middle West seldom see a shutter?

Pity the poor peddler which has to cross IC's main to make a pickup or setout on the other side. Such an unfortunate was the Markham local, No. 94, bound north for Chicago from Champaign. At Gilman a relentless procession of manifests and passenger trains kept the main tied down tighter than a safety valve, and the dispatcher was able to offer small consolation when consulted on a lineside phone. The local's head brakeman passed the time quite philosophically, briefing me on impending train movements and giving passing trains (here comes the *Seminole*) a flamboyant highball.

All day they pounded past, these Illinois Central freights. On that warm September morning more of them were on the move and in steam than Pullman has drawing rooms. The 2551 is thundering north across the diamond of the Toledo, Peoria & Western at Gilman, and the hogger has the reverse notched up and his gloved hand on an open throttle. In the station beyond the 4-8-2 is mounted the CTC machine which permits operation in either direction on both main tracks between Gilman and Otto, 21 miles. The boon of remote-controlled signals and switches is explained in the fact that IC moves between 85 and 100 trains a day over this line at three different maximum speeds: 60 for freights, 80 for steam-powered passenger trains, and 100 for diesel-hauled streamliners. High-speed crossovers permit a speedster to run around a freight without its taking siding.

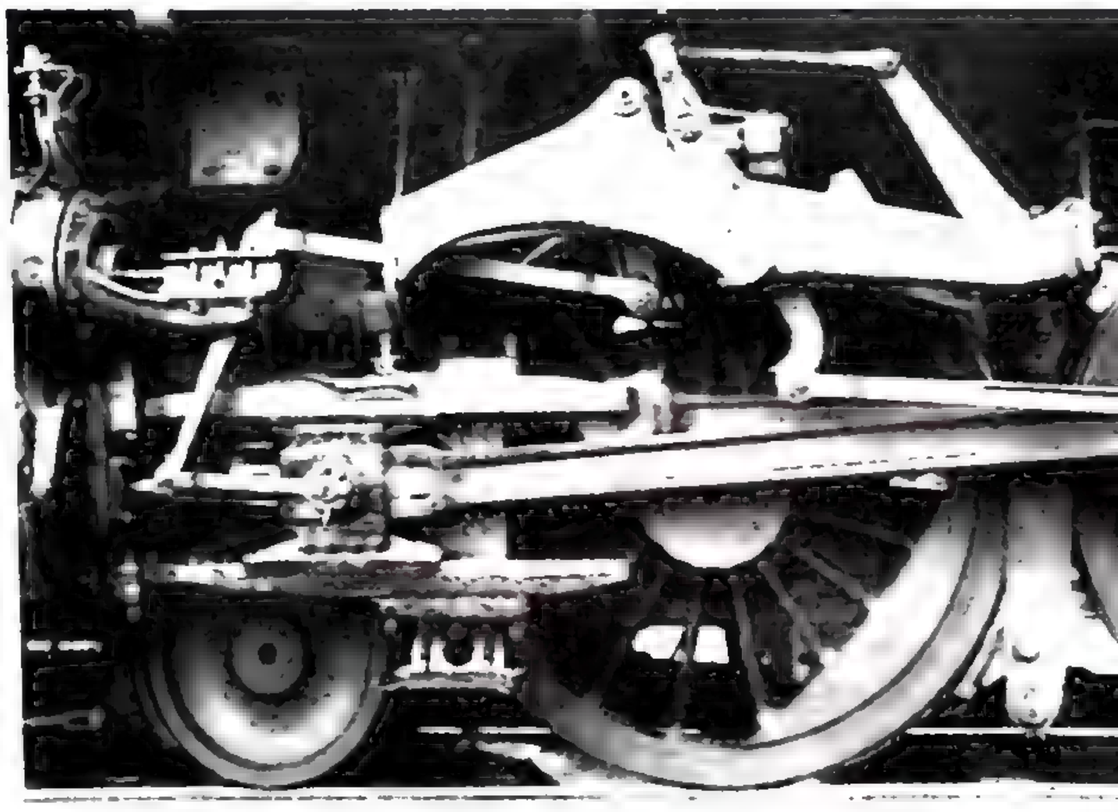
And still they come! Mikado 1457 stands in the clear as Mountain 2508 hammers southward through Gilman. For sheer density of traffic, I can't think of another stretch of railroad in the U.S. which can surpass or perhaps even equal Illinois Central, train for train, in steam-powered action. Maybe Norfolk & Western moves more tons between Roanoke and Walton, Va., but I doubt that it does better in the number of actual movements. Anyway, the steam parade cannot last much longer on IC. Too many black Geeps laced the road's roster, and more than once air horns made our sleep restless during an overnight stop in a Kankakee motel. ■


5103

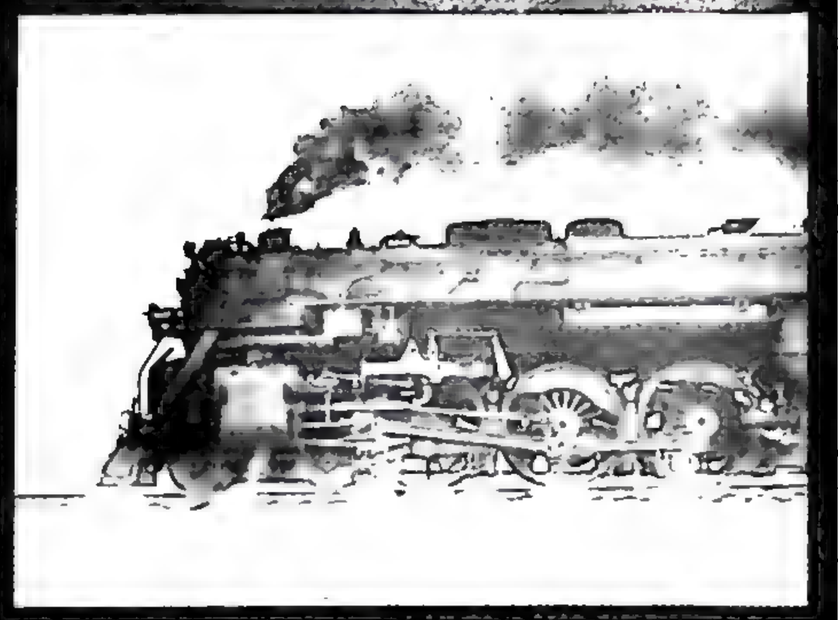
Central's Hudson ran away from us at 85 miles per hour

ILLINOIS INCIDENT

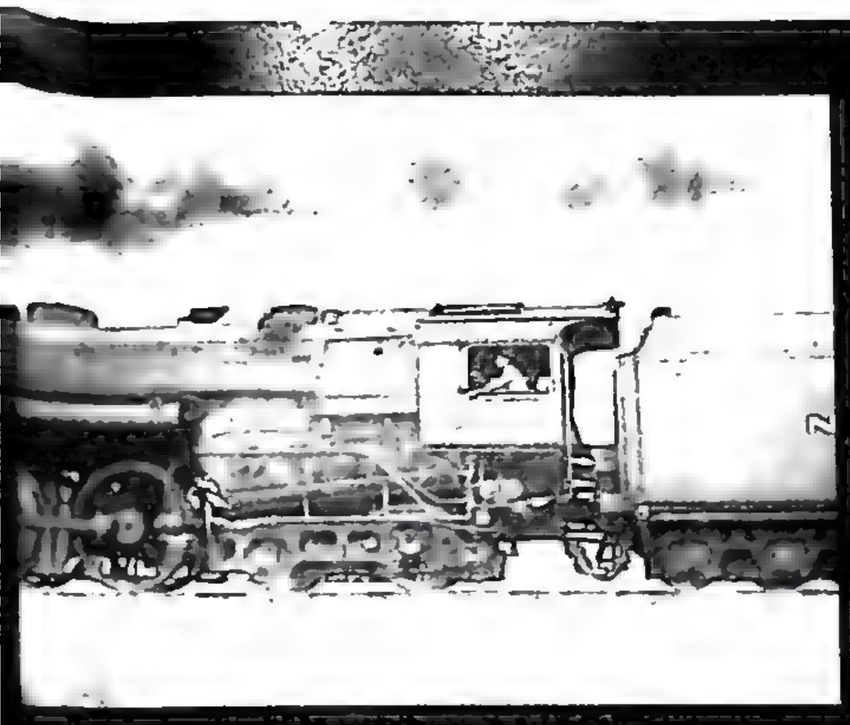
What Rolls Royce is to motoring, France is to wine, and the Alps are to mountains, the New York Central's Hudson is to locomotives. In both detail and overall concept, Central's J is much, much more than just photogenic. Like the queen she is, the Hudson is feminine yet aristocratic. She was perhaps the final mechanical expression of a New York Central untroubled by taxes on Grand Central or West Shore losses or the rivalry of a deepened St. Lawrence. Or proxy fights. She was born in 1927, in an age when Central was given to throwing up marble monuments of stations, running seven-section *Centurys*, and paying 8 per cent dividends. We were fortunate enough to come across a J-1 in steam at Mattoon, Ill. The 5403 was being taken out of the house to forward an express-car train into St. Louis. That afternoon she was the only active steam engine on the main line west of Indianapolis. Enter the dowager.



Within minutes this 79-inch driving wheel will be pushing distance behind at a pace of 117 feet a second. And still accelerating.



As soon as the eastbound *Southwestern Limited* cleared, our Hudson got under way with the eight head-end cars and rider coach of No. 473 and began to accelerate to that inimitable sharp and steamy staccato exhaust. When we began to pace her on the highway the Hudson was loafing at a deceptive 35 mph, but a glimpse of the engineer winding up his wheel reverse told of what he had in mind. Easily, effortlessly, she unlimbered — 40, 45, then 50. Suddenly she was *moving*, the smoke beginning to lie back over that contoured boiler, and an oiled set of slightly loose rods leaning into the load. She kept accelerating — 55, 60, 65. The goggled crew went about its work as methodically as bank tellers, giving a notch or two more throttle, a twist of the blower valve. Now she was in full dramatic stride — racing past 70 to 80, finally 85, leaving us behind in a haze of smudgy black. ■



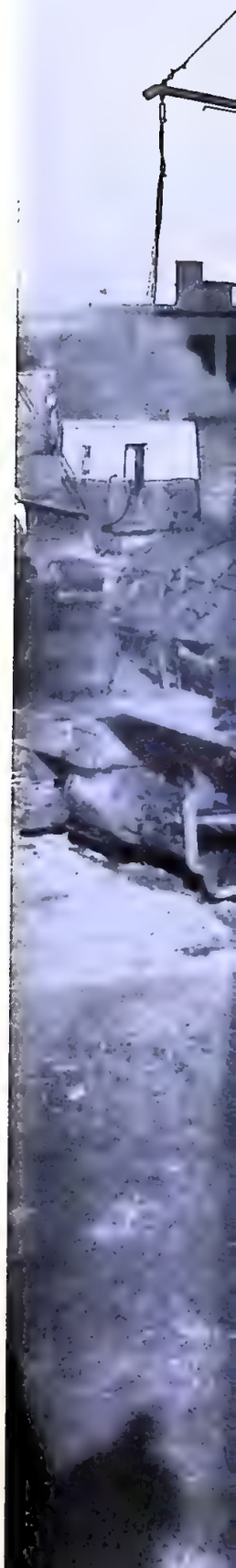
NEW YORK CENTRAL

5403

The Quaint and the Quiet

A pair of 19th-century machines are priceless finds in 1954

Sunday is the Lord's Day in Bluffs, Ill. (population 784), and except for the usual service station loafers and those "working for the railroad," the town appears to be mostly in church. Somehow there seemed no contradiction between the organ chords and hymns coming from the open windows of the Methodist Church and the sounds of the nearby Wabash engine terminal. There, on a September Sunday, a pair of ancient Moguls was being serviced for a run northwest up the 75.8-mile Keokuk Branch (technically, the 11th District of the Decatur Division), and the soft thump of their pumps and the muffled creaks wrought by boiling water seemed in deference to the worship up the quiet streets. Nos. 573 and 576 dated back to 1899, yet they were the only live steam power on the otherwise dieselized railroad. What stood between them and scrap was the light iron of the branch and, in particular, a venerable bridge across the Illinois River. Until a distant management could modify the situation for a diesel, the local boys were keeping the 2-6-0's operative with baling wire, inspiration, a welding torch, and lots of grease. We took a good long look while the hostler got the engines hot. Phil felt the little F4's were reminiscent of narrow-gauge Rio Grande Consolidations; they reminded me more of those neat ex-Ulster & Delaware 2-6-0's that graced New York Central's roster as late as the 1940's. In any event, they were priceless finds in 1954.

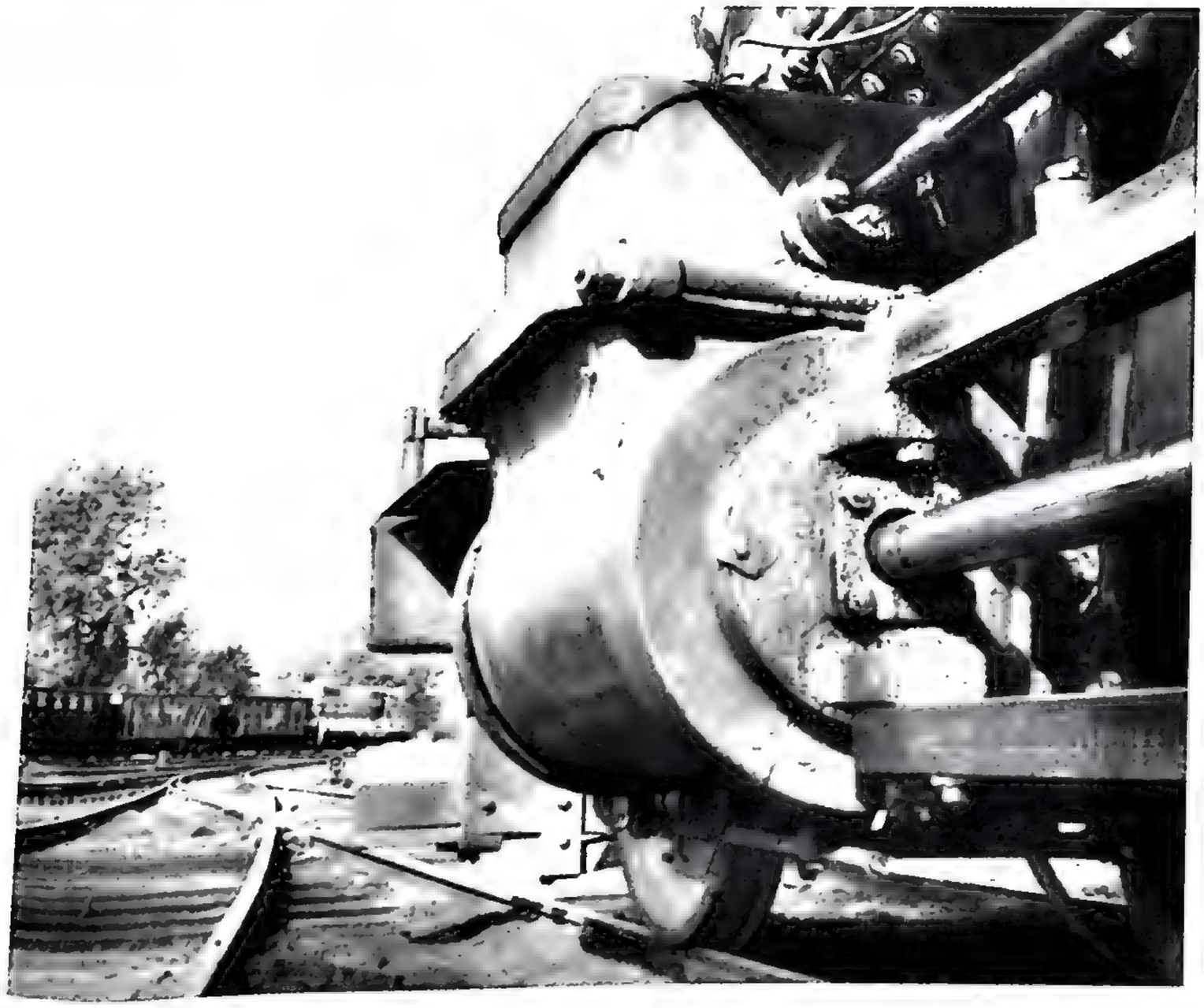


573
573

Besides being a drama of exceptional beauty, the operation of Wabash's Bluffs-Keokuk (Ia.) branch as we observed it was an indirect lesson in railroad progress. The line had come through a half a century in a sort of vacuum — immune to modernization because its traffic had never warranted investment in modern power, signaling, or track. The contrast between its ancient, leisurely way of life and that of the main line at Bluffs was as sharp as the difference between standard and narrow gauge. The age-old stance of the fireman taking on water seemed to personify it well.

The sight and sound of Moguls 573 and 576 wheezing forth from the engine terminal at Bluffs was an experience straight out of the turn of the century — like finding all the power in B&O's Transportation Museum suddenly under steam and on call for revenue service. Although properly aware of their charges' historical significance, the crews did respectfully submit that the Keokuk turn was the roughest job on the Wabash. The 151-mile round trip frequently swallowed up the legal 16 hours, and that time spent aboard a banging, jouncing, hand-fired, Johnson-bar equipped 55-year-old battle-ax of a steam engine is not kind to the kidneys. It's a panic, particularly for the fireman — who divides his time between wielding the scoop (practically continuously), pulling on the injector (you can't keep your water too high because of the abundant supply of soda used to keep the hard stuff from foaming), and blowing the boiler down (in the first 6 miles to Meredosia both engines were blown down at least four times). Of course, you do get a sense of satisfaction out of it as compared with operating a diesel.

A Geep helpfully made up the Moguls' train of 31 cars (mostly empties moving west for grain loading), then the twin patriarchs came steaming forth to lock couplers, pump up the air, and take off. The engine crews, and perhaps the engines, were still a bit jittery about yesterday's scare. A kid had thrown a switch in front of the doubleheader and the 2-6-0's had sailed into a siding and up and over a derail. Miraculously, neither locomotive had hit the dirt, and even though the drivers had been locked in emergency air, no flat spots were revealed on inspection. The lead crew had joined the birds and were still a bit stiff in the knees from the unexpected contact with the ballast. Their opinion of footloose kids wasn't high.



The Moguls owed their longevity to the seven-span bridge across the Illinois River at Meredosia. A 2-6-0 is the heaviest power the old structure can support — double-heading is prohibited. And even the crew "must not exceed 6 mph while any portion of the train is on the bridge." At the time of our visit management was contemplating diesel power and the job of beefing up or replacing the bridge in order to accommodate it. Fortunately for Hastings' camera this work was still pending — hence this unforgettable scene of No. 576 moving over at the regulation 6 mph.

Past and present. Slide-valve motion of ancient 2-6-0 573 stands in stark contrast with the latest from La Grange as Wabash Geep No. 466 switches coal loads for the power plant at Meredosia.

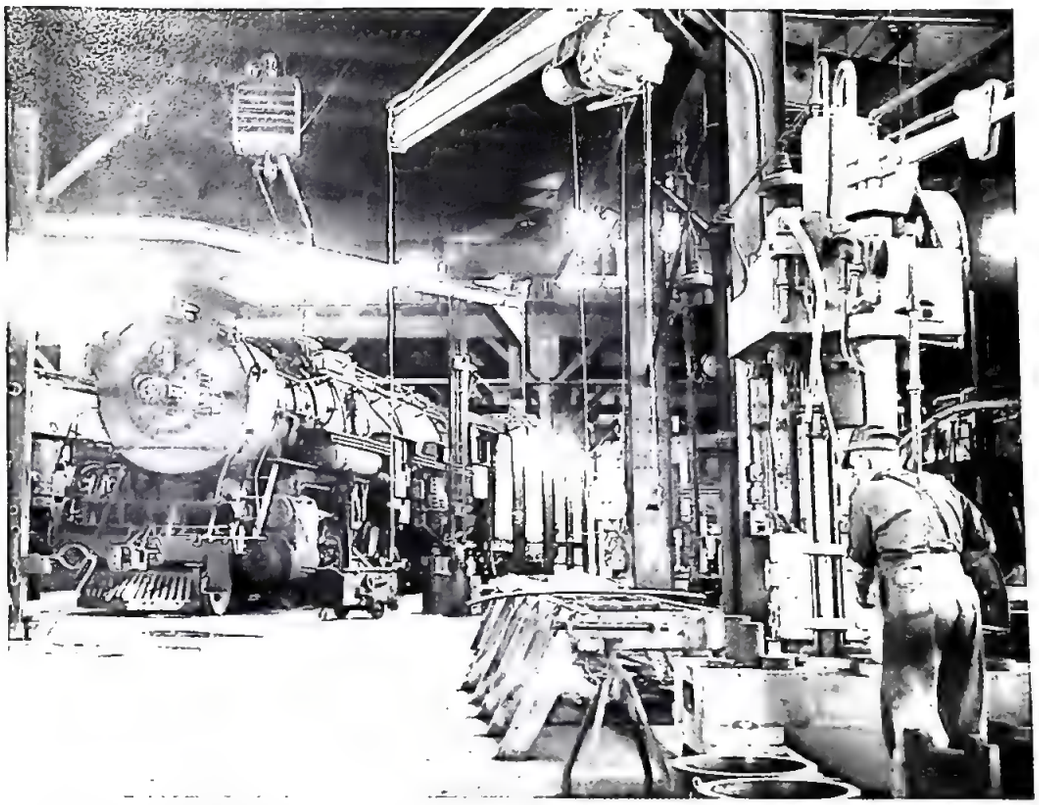
Henry Ford encountered George Gould as our '53 Ford paced 1899-built Moguls working westward near Mt. Sterling. "Dave," Hastings mused, "how did you keep your eyes on the road?"

Double-headed Moguls rattle the rafters of the frame depot at Mt. Sterling. The order board is clear and the operator is out on the platform to observe the timeless passage of slide-valve-powered tonnage.

Excepting those steel high cars this photograph might have been made on almost any American main line in 1900. It harks back to a Wabash Line whose *Banner Limited* was "vestibuled from end to end and brilliantly lighted by Pintsch Gas System." It recalls an era when the next advance in power was the 2-8-0 and possibly compounding. It tells of an age when the Gould Lines, including Wabash, were in the words of Frank Spearman, "young, vigorous, and aggressive...." Yet this was Illinois, September 1954, and the engines were old-timers hauling tonnage classified by a GP7 only minutes before. Perhaps it is the saving grace of railroading for the nostalgic ones that it is too vast to modernize overnight and everywhere. Surely in 2000 A.D. there will be scenes as reminiscent of 1954 as this one is of George Gould's bonanza years.

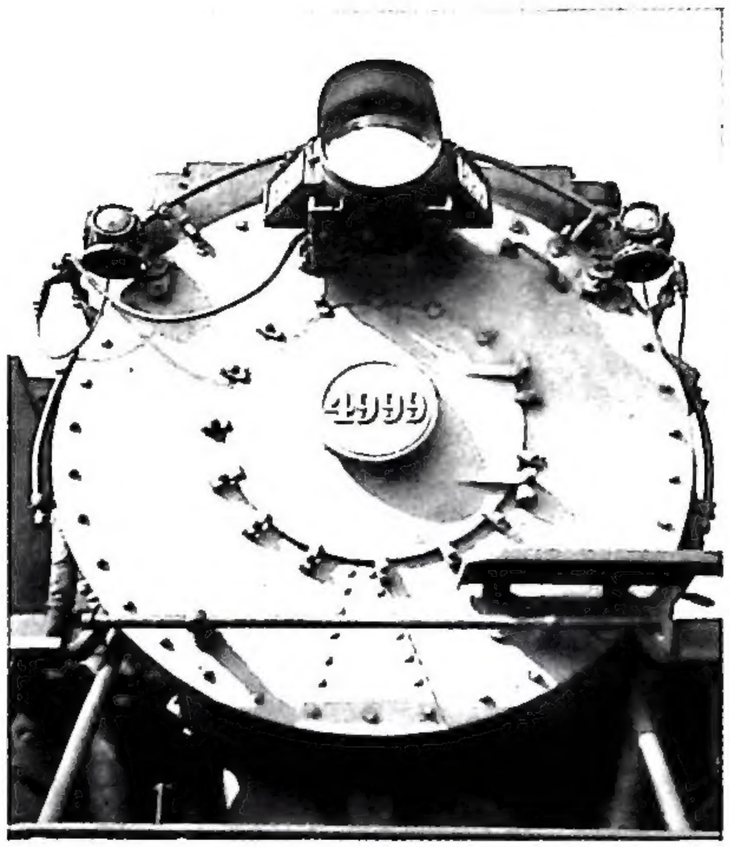
Heaven must have heard as the F4's came storming up an estimated 2 per cent grade near Versailles. Heading west here, each 2-6-0 has an adjusted tonnage rating of 710 tons — in good weather. When the temperature falls below zero and a wind is kicking up, the rating drop to 595 tons, and even that can be a trial when an icy gale smacks you head-on at the summit, slowing you like sticking brakes and sweeping away the sand from faltering drivers. In past winters it has not been uncommon for these engines to cut and run for coal. Strange it is that such a rare performance should go so long unsung by the public prints.

Within hours on that Sunday we exchanged the fragility of Wabash 2-6-0's for the massiveness of Burlington 2-10-4's, the only common bond being that both were dated by diesels. We came across the Burlington power at Beardstown on the Q's Southern Illinois coal line. Our guide through the spotless roundhouse and adjoining shop was the elderly, spectacled foreman — a short man whose work-creased hands and knowledgeable speech told of a lifetime association with the big maulers in his care. We strolled about at will, and while Hastings was setting up a time exposure I climbed up into the cab of Colorado 6313, an M4A that had received Class 5 repairs only seven months before and was now good for 125,000 miles. She had barely turned a driver since release from the shops, and one could not escape the melancholy impression that the big girl was all dressed up with nowhere to go. I grasped the throttle, fingered the shiny brake valves, and glanced across the backhead: Valve Pilot speedometer, steam pressure gauge, air brake gauges, tank level indicator, stoker valves, blower, steam heat gauge, and so forth. How many men had read these gauges, turned these valves how much coal had they hauled out of Illinois as a result? On a quiet Sunday afternoon one wondered....

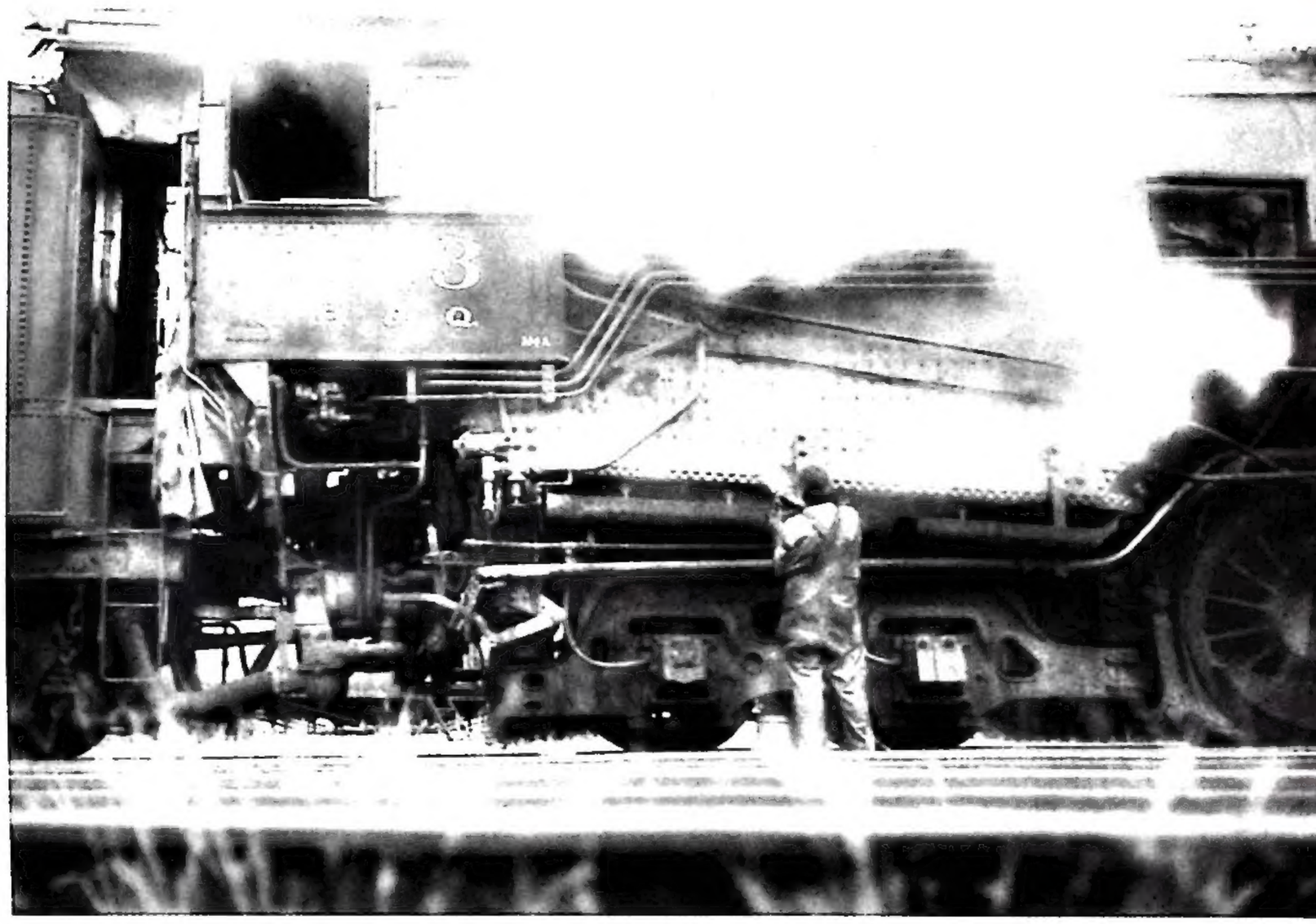


In the modern roundhouse there were no less than seven of the Colorados (as Burlington calls the Texas wheel arrangement), two Mikes, a pair of GP7's, and a doodlebug, while outside another Mike and a Pacific quietly steamed away the lazy afternoon hours. The more I studied the big jobs, the more certain I became that I'd seen the identical 2-10-4 somewhere else — and recently. Of course! The ex-Bessemer & Lake Erie engines we'd seen on the Missabe Road. After our trip I cross-checked the principal specifications (they agreed within an inch or less) and later the B&LE confirmed my suspicion. Baldwin had shown B&LE the plans for the Q's engine and Bessemer knew a good thing when it saw it.

Personification of the Q: Pacific No. 2905 was simmering near the coal tower at Beardstown — idle at the moment but prepared to handle any yard work that might crop up or even to substitute at the head-end of the St. Louis-Savanna (Ill.) local in the unlikely event of a diesel failure. It's a bit difficult for the Chicagoland resident to disassociate 4-6-2's of this size from commuter territory — from Aurora, Downers Grove, La Grange, Hinsdale, and Union Station in pre-gallery car days. Do you remember their fabulous getaway ("they have a minor boiler explosion each time they start," an Electro-Motive man once marveled) and snappy gait?



Now here's a face for you — Mikado 4999 at Beardstown. Or in the prose of the photographer: "The Q appeared to be characterized by corpulent, graphited smokeboxes overhung by Elesco heaters and visored headlights." There are at least two more things one can say without fear of contradiction. First, the 2-8-2 has a look of bland mastery of the job. And second, you'd never mistake that front end as belonging to any other road's power. Whatever may be said for the clean look of the modern steam locomotive (built after 1930, say), it certainly did lose much of the old road identity in the growth of size. What 4-8-4 possessed a look such as this?



Eventually the 6313 was moved outside so that an engine watchman could spray her firebox sides with graphite. Employed or not, Burlington's steam power was kept in an excellent state of maintenance. The road has an industrywide reputation for the unexcelled operating condition of its diesel power, and we were pleased to see that the ranks of steam, though reduced, were accorded the same treatment. Turning now to another facet of this interesting Q power, it's been my experience that the road enjoys the following of many stern admirers who take a dim view of criticism of Burlington locomotives. To them especially I would submit the photo above as evidence that the bigger the Q engine, the better its overall appearance. The older Mikes, for example, tend to squat, a posture unhappily accented by too high cabs and too tall stacks. But as boilers crowded clearances, then cab, stack, and other details were brought into balance. Example A — the M4A. Of course, your stout Burlington enthusiast loses patience with such purist perfection. He recalls snowy midnights and the tramp of a slogging Burlington 2-8-2 into Galesburg. Which is sufficient. ■

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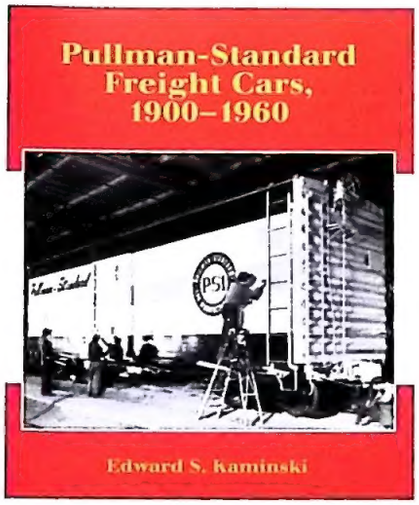

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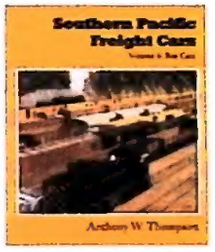

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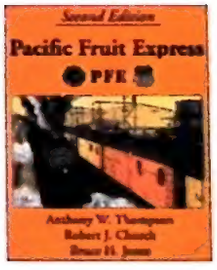

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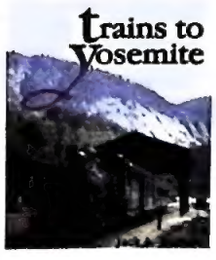

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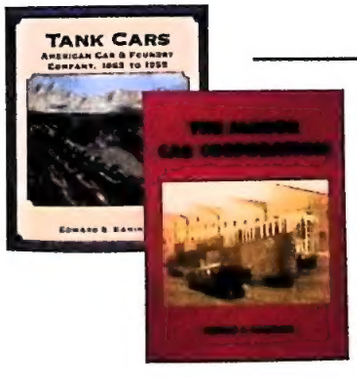

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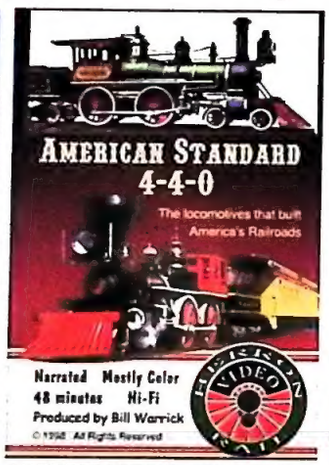

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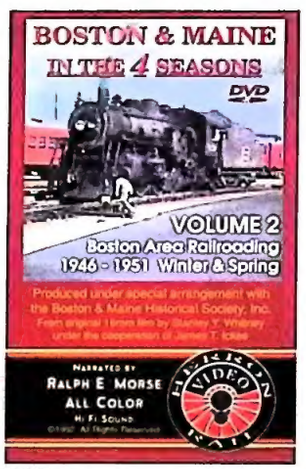

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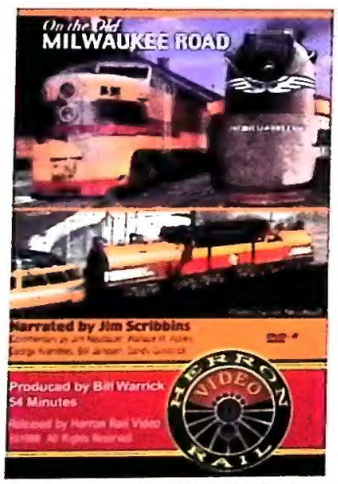

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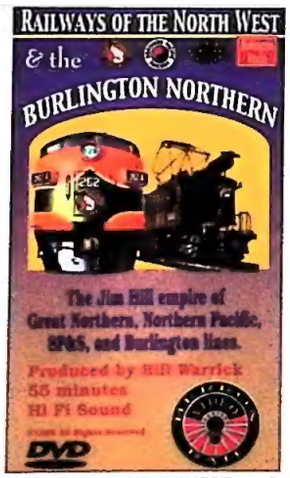
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